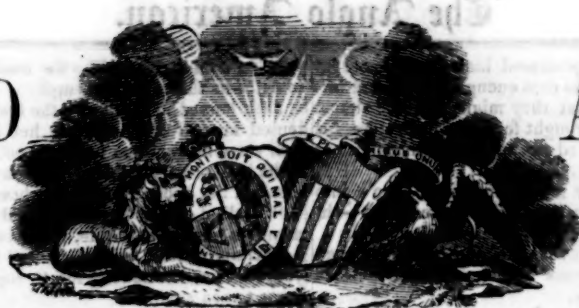


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THE DAWN.

'Tis sweet when the twilight descends like a maiden,
With star-sandall'd feet and cloud-mantle of grey;
When the skies seen with grandeur and mystery laden,
But there's nothing so sweet as the dawn of the day.

O, if there's an hour to man's spirit appealing,
An hour that can all his devotion repay.
'Tis when harmony, beauty, and grace, are revealing
Their charms at the dawn, the bright dawn of the day!

For it beam'd on the birth of Eve's fairest of daughters,
It woke the first breath of the lark's matin-lay;
When the Spirit of God moved the face of the waters
All Eden lay blest in the dawn of the day.

Though the Noon, like a monarch enthroned, may assemble
His sun-banner'd hosts in their gorgeous array;
Though the Moon may win hearts, they are hearts that dissemble;
For there's nothing so fair as the dawn of the day.

The dawn of the day, when the old man is waking,
World-weary and languid, bereft of each stay;
When he turns to a dawn yet immortally breaking,
The God-promised dawn of a heavenly day.

O, if harmony, beauty, and freshness, are blending
Their charms for the dawn of our care-compass'd way,
What bliss must be theirs who, through Jesus ascending,
Behold with archangels the dawn of His day!

CHARLES SWAIN.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREEN SPAR.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

'Twas told me by a man whose hairs were gray,
Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years;
Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway,
Maintain'd that lingering spell which age endears,
And while he told his tale, his eyes were dim with tears.

BERNARD BARTON.

DURING a recent visit to the sea-coast, I used to be much interested in observing how the cottages of the poor, and even middle classes, were invariably ornamented with some species of marine treasure. I cannot remember a mantelshelf, let the furniture be ever so humble, without its two large, pink-coloured shells, and a piece of seaweed, or rock-coral in the centre. While the side-board, if it did not boast some rare foreign bird ingeniously stuffed, had, what was perhaps still more prized, a rough sketch, and rough enough it often was, but no matter for that, of the ship in which even now some of the family might be sailing upon the treacherous deep. I have seen a piece of dark fossil, or even a common mussel-shell, which the owner would not have parted with for any thing that could have been offered. It may be that the husband or the son had brought it home from his last voyage, promising with a cheerful smile something more valuable another time, but had never returned again! Heaven knows, but there were tears in the woman's eyes as she dusted it carefully with her apron, e'er she returned it to its place. And I noticed that she wore black ribbon on her simple cap.

And yet where these relics are not consecrated by death, how eagerly every thing you venture to admire is pressed upon you. They think it must be such a treat to a Londoner, and you need not fear depriving them of it, as they are sure to have plenty more soon. And yet the poor of England are called boorish and uncivilized! True it is, that poverty and want may in many cases have frozen up the heart, but it needs only the gentle word, and the spring of human kindness gushes forth again like a fountain in a wilderness. For virtue and goodness, even among the very dregs of society, as they are called, are never wholly dead, but sleep, ready to leap up at the voice of sympathy. And now to our tale.

In one of the dwellings I have been describing, there was a piece of green spar which glittered strangely at night, and altogether had a very curious appearance; sometimes resembling an emerald, but at others much paler, and apparently transparent.

"Ah! I guess you never saw the like of that," said an old man with gray hair, who sat in the chimney-corner.

"No, indeed," replied I. "What do you call it?"

"That's more than I can tell you; but they say it grows in the caves under the sea, almost as plentifully as our trees upon shore."

"Who says so?"

"One who has been there and gathered it! But it's a strange tale if you have time to listen to it."

"Oh! yes, indeed, and shall be very grateful to you besides." We hope that our readers love a strange history as well as we did then, or do now for the matter of that.

The old man's face lit up as I came and sat myself close beside him, for he spoke low; while the children whispered one another—

"Now grandfather is going to tell the lady the story of Jack Hinton."

"Many, many years ago," he began, "there dwelt in this neighbourhood a poor widow-woman, with an only child of such rare beauty, that the people around prophesied that he would not live long, which gave the mother many a heartach and sleepless night. But for all these forebodings the boy grew up the picture of health and happiness, with a bold and fearless spirit, a merry eye, and a laugh so full of glee, that one could scarcely help echoing it for the life

of them. And yet they were very poor, and oftentimes wanted bread—but then they loved one another!"

The old man's philosophy pleased me, and although longing for him to come to the History of the Green Spar, I listened with renewed attention.

"It was a strange fact, but John Hinton, or Jack as he was more familiarly called, never could bear to stand by the sea-shore, as I have stood hour after hour, with the bright waves rolling onwards to my very feet, and then retreating again with a pleasant murmuring sound. He always felt such an inclination, he said, to follow them into the deep—nay, he could almost fancy himself drawn forward by an invisible power; and it often required all his strength of mind to resist its influence. The neighbours only laughed at him when he related this; but his mother, who was both a good and prudent woman, wrung from him a promise to avoid such danger in future.

Mrs. Hinton had an only brother, much better off than herself, but a hard-hearted, mercenary man, and yet he was a little proud of his handsome nephew too, and used to send for him to stay for whole weeks together, and at length actually offered to get him a birth on board a ship bound for the East Indies, and fit him out at his own expense. For which kindness the widow professed herself very grateful, while she wept as she spoke, as though her heart would break, but dared not to refuse. While Jack, although he had never any very great inclination for the sea, was well pleased with the idea of doing something for himself: and thanking his uncle with a cheerful air, instantly set about his hasty preparations, and the still more painful task of taking leave of those who had been kind to them at a period when, but for their help, they must have perished for want.

"Ah! those times will never come again," exclaimed the hopeful boy; "for who knows but I may make a lady of my dear old mother yet!"

"If you can only earn enough to live on here at home, if it be ever so poorly, I shall be more than contented," replied the widow, "so that we are together. But what am I to do without you, Jack?"

"Oh! after the first you will not miss me much, and I have promised to bring little Mary Ross a real amber necklace on my return, if she takes great care of you, and sits with you when you would feel lonely else, or nurse you should you fall ill—which, Heaven forbid! Not but what I am sure she would have done all this just the same out of pure love."

"I think so too, Jack; and although she is but a child, it will be a comfort to have her with me, and to talk to her sometimes of you."

"After all, dear mother!" said the boy, "it's no use fretting; for if it's God's will I shall return, and otherwise it would be sinful to repine overmuch. Any how, it is better than staying idling here, eating you out of house and home."

How handsome Jack looked in his new clothes, with the blue jacket and bright anchor buttons, and the little cap placed saucily upon his dark curls. No wonder his mother should be so proud of him—so loath to part with her treasure, that little Mary should hang upon his neck, and kiss his white brow, whispering that she did not care a bit about the necklace, so he returned safely to them again, which he promised faithfully to do, Heaven permitting; and his stern uncle hurrying him away, the place seemed quite lost without merry Jack Hinton! And it was long before they ceased to miss him from among them.

Well, summer passed away, and then came storms and high winds, which kept the widow waking, and at her prayers for many a long, wild night, the girl kneeling beside her with clasped hands and pale lips, for she had just lost her last surviving parent, and been made to feel how fearful a thing is death! So the orphan lived wholly with her kind friend, weaving fishing-nets and little wicker-baskets, which the sailors disposed of for her at the neighbouring towns for a scanty support. And yet, mindful of the boy's parting injunctions, she had ever a word of consolation, or a smile of hope for her aged companion, to whom she was indeed a real blessing. But Mrs. Hinton could not help recalling to mind Jack's strange account of how the waves had seemed, as it were, to woo him in, and there was a wild foreboding at her heart.

"Aught never comes to harm," said her brother, harshly, one day when she had been speaking to him of her fears. "We shall be having him home soon, I suppose—that is if he has not forgotten us."

And sure enough the old man was right; for before many weeks had passed, back came Jack Hinton, grown a head at least, with his bright eyes and high brow, making, if possible, a handsomer-looking man than he had done a boy, but with just the same kind, merry heart as ever. And poor Mary, who had changed too into a slender girl, instead of flinging herself into his arms as she had done at their parting, shrank timidly from his boisterous salute, and buried her burning face on Mrs. Hinton's bosom.

"Why Mary!—my darling Mary! Am I so very terrible? What, not one kiss, when I have been away so long! See I have brought your necklace as I promised; but you must pay me first."

And at length seeing that he must take his own reward, the young sailor rated it so highly, that even his mother cried out shame! And then passing an arm around the waist of each of these dear ones, he began to relate what to them seemed indeed a tale of marvels. After all, the life of a sailor, with its perilous adventures, and hardbreadth escapes, is well worth enduring for joy of such an hour as this, when kind eyes weep with us in sorrow for what we have suffered, mingled with joy at our present safety.

"And then, I suppose, he then told the History of the Green Spar?" interrupted I.

"Not yet," replied the old man, amused at my impatience; "and for a good reason why, he did not meet with it until his second voyage; but he had many things almost as wonderful to recount. And Mary forgot her bashfulness, and clung fondly to him when he spoke of the dangers he had gone through."

It might have been observed, however, that he talked no more of winning a fortune in those foreign lands, for he had seen how rarely in his station of life men attained even a moderate competency; but had learned at the same time

how possible it was to be happy without it, and professed himself well content to be able, in the course of three or four voyages, to earn enough to rent and furnish the little cottage next to his mother's, so that they might still live almost together. While Mary, smiling and blushing, brought forth her little store, for the kind-hearted widow could never be persuaded to take any thing for her lodging, and offered to add it to the general stock.

"Who knows," said Jack, "but my uncle may not, after a time, take it into his head to be generous, and advance us a trifle towards housekeeping—eh, mother!"

And Mrs. Hinton, although she did not think it very probable, forbore to say so, or damp by a single forboding word the joyous anticipations with which those young lovers looked forward into the future.

In this manner the few weeks allotted to him passed away all too rapidly, but they separated at length in hope. And soon after his departure, Mary's sweet voice might again be heard as she sat singing at her wicker-work, or casting wistful glances towards the neglected cottage next door: thinking, perhaps, at what a trifling expense it might be converted into a comfortable and happy home. And how she would prevail upon Jack to take away the palings, and throw the two gardens into one, which it would be an easy and pleasant employment for the now aged widow to tend in the summer time. Oh! youth, lady, is the time for such-like dreams!

The sailors were all very glad to have Jack among them again, for he was a general favourite with both captain and crew, the latter of whom would often gather around him when night came on, and take pleasure in listening to the droll yarns which he made up on the spur of the moment, or his song of home, which often set these rough men weeping like so many little children. And there was one, a lad about his own age, to whom, when it came their turn to watch together, he used to open his whole heart, and tell him of his kind old mother, and of Mary. And let the tempest howl ever so loudly, he never felt afraid, knowing how earnestly they prayed for him, besides having a sweet faith in the prayers of the good. And now we are coming to the most wonderful part of Jack's history.

It was a calm, moonlight night, so bright that he could almost have seen to read his prayer-book by it, which, however, he did not try to do; perhaps if he had, what I am about to relate would not have happened.

Except the man at the helm, he was the only waking thing on board that vessel; and yet, as he hung over the side, and gazed vacantly upon the shining waves, he did not feel lonely, for they were "homeward bound!" What a magic there is in these two words to the heart of a sailor!

Presently, as if by enchantment, there rose up a strain of more than mortal sweetness, and yet it sounded familiar too, as though he had heard it before when a child; and the boy as he listened, leaned so far over that a sudden lurch would have precipitated him into the ocean, until unable to withstand what appeared an irresistible impulse, he leaped fairly over the ship's side and disappeared.

You will think, perhaps, that after this there will be but little more to tell about poor Jack Hinton, but it was no such thing.

The plunge, as he assured his companions afterwards, was a mere nothing, although the water bubbling about his ears, stunned him a little at first. When he came to himself he was lying upon a couch of soft green moss, with the most beautiful lady he had ever seen in his life bending tenderly over him, holding his hands in her delicate ones, which seemed scarcely large enough to span a single finger, and were as white as the drifted snow. But from Jack's description, her dress must have been curious enough, and not over decent; for besides being entirely off one shoulder, it was looped up a little at the left leg; but then, as he said, with such fairy feet and ankles, no wonder that she should like to show them a bit.

"Where am I?" asked the young sailor, half bewildered by her rare loveliness, and the glittering lustre of the cave in which he lay, that glistened as though it was studded all over with precious stones.

"At the bottom of the sea, Jack!" replied his companion with a bewitching smile; "but never fear, for no harm shall come to you."

But the boy laughed, when she talked to him of fear.

"I am glad to find you so merry," replied the lady, "since it gives me hopes that you will very soon be quite reconciled to your new home."

"My home?"

"Yes; at least I trust so: but now listen to me patiently."

And the lad could not do otherwise, for her voice was like a strain of sweet music.

"From your very childhood," continued the sea-nymph, "I have watched over and loved you; and been with you and about you in storm and sunshine, although you knew it not. I have palaces by dozens—riches, it would take whole years to number up, and all these shall be yours, if you will make me your wife after the fashion of the children of earth, and dwell with me for evermore in these blissful regions."

"Cool at any rate," thought Jack, "but it may be the custom down here for ladies to speak first. She is certainly very lovely!"

And then he recollected Mary and his old mother, and that saved him from falling into the snare of the siren.

"I thank your ladyship all the same," replied the sailor, abruptly, "but it can't be, for I'm promised to another."

"I know it, Jack; but only think of the difference there is between us."

"Yes, it is true, that Mary has not your vast wealth, and your ivory complexion, and melting blue eyes, nor your beautiful hair which looks like so many threads of fine gold! But for all that, I love her too well to break her heart."

"But is not that a mere fable, about the daughters of earth breaking their hearts out of love?" asked the sea-nymph with an arch smile.

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Jack; "but I've heard something about it, and should be sorry to try the experiment after having taken such pains to wring from her how fond she was of me."

"She cannot love you better than I do," persisted his persevering companion, laying her jewelled hand upon his.

And then instantly perceiving that he was in no mood for such endearments, she offered to show him the wonders of her kingdom.

But it is vain for me to attempt to describe all that Jack saw and did on that eventful night; or to give you the remotest idea of the treasures revealed to his glance, the treasures that had been accumulating for ages. Of the pearls, and amber, and coral, which she displayed, together with many other precious stones—a part of the plunder of the ocean.

Many of the caves it appears were entirely composed of a substance similar to yonder green spar, which he broke off slyly when the lady turned her head, emitting a delicious perfume, of which in this lapse of time no traces remain. While the flowers were strangely beautiful, and unlike those of earth.

But although the boy's eyes were dazzled, his heart remained untouched, and

a delicate pink colour, like the inside of a shell, began to rise even to the very temples of the rejected nymph.

Jack longed to kiss away the tears that stood in her large blue eyes; but contented himself with saluting her hand instead, and telling her in a low voice, how sorry he was that he could not marry them both, and trying to explain that as he had promised Mary first, she had certainly the best right to him, not to mention the poor old mother, whose only hope and comfort he was.

"Well, it can't be helped," said the lady at length, "so make my compliments to your sweet bride, when you get home, and tell her that I have sent her a marriage portion, which she will find hidden under the hearthstone, and wish you both health and long life to enjoy it; but be warned by me, Jack, and never come to sea again!"

The boy thanked her gratefully; and having kissed him tenderly upon both cheeks, a salute which I will not take upon myself to say was not returned—he bid him stand upon a shell, which she pointed out, and on a sudden he found himself rising up again as rapidly as he had gone down, and in a few moments stood breathless upon the deck of the vessel, just as morning was breaking in the horizon.

"It must have been a dream," said I.

"So he thought," continued the old man, "and had almost reasoned himself into the belief that he must have so far transgressed rules as to fall asleep during the watch, when one of his companions coming up to take his turn, exclaimed in astonishment,

"Why, Jack, my boy! you ain't been foolish enough to tumble overboard—you look as wet as a drowned rat."

"I suppose I must," replied the bewildered lad, wringing the water from his long hair.

"Well, get down and change your clothes, and all I can say is, it's a mercy you weren't lost!"

Jack thought so too, and followed his advice without uttering another word.

But when he came to pull off his jacket, what should fall out of it but this very identical bit of green spar, and then he knew it was reality, and seeking for his prayer-book, which for a wonder had been left in his trunk; for Mary, who had a sort of religious superstition about these things, had made him promise to carry it about with him, sat down in the dim morning light and read.

"What was that heavy plunge a little before midnight, Hinton?" asked his captain, the next day; "for I think it was you who kept watch."

"Only Jack fell overboard, please your honour," replied one of his comrades, coming to his relief.

And his commander thinking the boy, what with the fright, and the ducking he must have received, had been already sufficiently punished, contented himself with a mild reprimand, and a warning to be more wakeful in future.

All of which Jack took in good part, for he knew it was vain telling the truth, as they would only laugh at him; or he forbore, perhaps, out of delicacy to the lady, who had behaved so handsomely at last.

It was strange, but the oldest of that ship's crew, never remember so calm and swift a voyage, in consequence of which they arrived in port some weeks before the appointed time.

And just as Mary, not content with the numbering the days was reckoning up the very hours before her lover's return could possibly be expected; as if her wish had power to conjure him up, there he stood, looking the very personification of health and happiness.

Once again with clasping hands they gathered together round the fire; but Mrs. Hinton had nothing but bad news for her son. His stern uncle was dead, and had left his little property to a woman no way related, who came to nurse him when he fell ill.

Besides which, Mary found a difficulty in disposing of her baskets, and fishing nets, the neighbouring towns being already well supplied; and for the last few months they had, by all accounts, lived very hardly, and even incurred debts, which would absorb a great portion of poor Jack's earnings, so that their prospects for the future were gloomy enough.

"But it's no use talking of what's past," said Mary, lifting her pale face fondly to his, "now that you are returned, all will soon go well again, and we are both very young yet."

Jack kissed away her tears, and it being his turn to relate what had happened during his absence, told them the story of the voyage and the sea-nymph, just as I have told you, producing at the same time the piece of green spar, which he had kept very carefully ever since.

Mary laughed at the idea of finding a wedding portion underneath the hearthstone, and asked half archly, half in sadness, whether it would not be quite time enough to seek for it when such an event seemed more likely to take place than at present; but Mrs. Hinton agreed with her son, that it would not be much trouble just to lift it up and see.

Had any of the neighbours happened to come in just then, they would have thought them all mad, to see how hard they worked to raise that heavy stone, which gave way at last, just when they were about to give up the task in despair; and sure enough underneath was an old-fashioned-looking casket which had the appearance of being rusted, and eaten away by long immersion in the water, filled even to the very lid with gold coins.

It is useless to attempt any description of the scene that followed, how Mary could scarcely believe her own eyes, but sat looking at them and weeping like a child. While Jack kissed her and his mother, and the old casket alternately, and would have done the same to the nymph herself had she been there, which she was not in substance at least, whatever she might be in spirit.

Well, after all, they were but simple people, for what did the sailor do, but take the box and its contents up to the squire, who being something of an antiquarian, I think you call it, and well off besides, was very pleased to be allowed to purchase them at less than half their value, although the sum paid appeared very large to them, and was quite enough to make them happy all the rest of their lives. But there is no question but Jack, had he gone the right way to work, would have been a rich man, and his family after him to this day.

The coins were afterwards proved to have been part of a cargo of a vessel wrecked some fifty years before off the coast of the East Indies; and although many laughed at Jack's tale, there has not been one found who could satisfactorily explain how the coins came to be lying so snugly beneath the hearthstone of that remote cottage.

Ay, this very hearthstone, lady, upon which your feet are now resting.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed I, "Then you are probably related to the hero of this wild story?"

"I am his great grandson."

"Well," said I, after a pause, during which I had been examining with increased interest the piece of green spar, "after all it might have been true."

"That's just what I say," replied the old man, earnestly; "the world is a large place to be made solely for the use of us mortals. And I maintain that

not only the sea, but the very air at this moment may be teeming with an invisible race of beings as loving, as beautiful, and as good, as Jack Hinton's nymph!"

And he seemed pleased that I could not smile at so wild a creed.

Oh! what a glorious sunset! what a calm, holy moon there was that night, as I sauntered in happy mood by the sea-shore; now bending down my ear to the waves, and mistaking the flute of one of our companions at the hotel for the song of the siren; of a truth, it was marvellously sweet, heard afar off at such an hour. And then laughing at length at my own folly, but fearing more the ridicule of those within doors, returned home to dream of Jack Hinton.

I would fain that my readers should remember that night as well as I, and so transcribe for their amusement the tale as it was told to me.

A CARNIVAL ADVENTURE.

One of the first visits I received on arriving in Paris towards the close of the last Carnival, was from my friend Charles Bussy.

Bussy is an exceedingly pleasant fellow, five-and-twenty years of age, six feet in his stockings, and possessing a handsome, intelligent countenance, irreproachable whiskers, twenty thousand francs a year, and an inexhaustible stock of small talk. Of no profession, his favourite, and indeed sole occupation, is to make himself agreeable to the fair sex; and taking into consideration the qualifications enumerated above, and the assiduity with which he follows up his pursuit, it may be presumed he is not always unsuccessful.

After turning over every thing in my room, smoking a pipe of Turkish tobacco, telling me all the *on dits* of the day, and exacting in return an account of my adventures since we last met,

"What are you going to do to-night?" he inquired.

"Dine with P. Afterwards, nothing."

"There is a masked ball at the Opera House. I am going, and you must come with me."

I declared my willingness, and accordingly towards midnight Bussy called for me, and we drove to the opera. We had been walking about the ball room upwards of an hour, elbowed and pressed on all sides by the motley crowd, and sometimes amused by the lazzi and repartees of the masks; but no one had as yet accosted us, and my companion, I saw, was discontented that he should not be thought worthy of attention by any of the numerous fair ones who flitted around us, but whose beauty the envious mask and domino made it impossible to do more than conjecture.

"No adventures to-night, Bussy," said I.

"Pshaw!" returned he, evidently a little vexed, "adventures at a masked ball! Not worth having."

At this moment, and as if on purpose to give me the lie,

"Charles!" said a silvery voice behind us.

We turned hastily round. The voice was that of a lady, whose face was hidden under a black mask, but whose pink satin domino was so made as not entirely to conceal the elegance of the wearer's figure. Two small white hands, partially covered by the most coquettish-looking little black mittens, emerged from the loose sleeves of the dress.

"I will rejoin you in a moment," said Charles, leaving me, and in spite of his so recently expressed contempt for masked-ball adventures, running after the domino who was walking slowly away. He overtook her, and soon after I saw him offer his arm, which was accepted. I met them several times as they walked up and down the theatre, and they were always in a close, and what appeared, a most interesting conversation.

At last Charles came up to me alone, with sparkling eyes and a triumphant expression of countenance.

"Well," said I, "an adventure?"

"A delightful one," he replied. "The most charming creature, full of wit and coquetry. She knows me very well, but I cannot find out who she is."

"What did she say to you?"

"I will tell you. When I joined her as you saw, I said, 'You know my name, fair mask!'"

"It would appear so, since you answer when I call you."

"Do you know any thing more about me than my name?"

"I do, and I can tell you an adventure that happened to you last week."

"Indeed! Let us hear."

"You had a dispute at a ball about a lady, and you were going to fight a duel the next morning at Vincennes, when your antagonist made an apology."

"That is all very true; but where did the quarrel begin?"

"At the last ball given by Madame de R."

"You must have been at the ball to be so well informed."

"You are mistaken."

"Then you are a friend of the lady who was the cause of the quarrel."

"Wrong again."

"Perhaps you are the lady herself."

"Indeed I am not."

"You are a charming woman whoever you are. Is there no possibility of seeing your face?"

"Perhaps—if I were sure it would please you."

"You wish to please me then?"

"It is always agreeable to please."

"I am sure I shall find you pretty, for I love you already without knowing you."

"What sort of a face do you fancy me to have?"

"A face as elegant as your figure, as delicate as your foot, as soft as your hand—"

"Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera," cried I, interrupting him. "My dear fellow, your story is like all masked-ball stories, and unless the end is better than the beginning—"

"It is exactly the end that I am coming to if you will only allow me," said Bussy, looking very mysterious.

"Well, you saw her face?"

"No."

"Then what do you mean by an end?"

"A *rendezvous*!" replied Charles, squeezing my arm very hard.

"Oh! When and where, if I may ask the question."

"In five days; at the next ball here."

"Hum!"

And I thought of the nymphs and shepherdesses that the ball-givers station in their saloons with orders to make appointments with all the young men and induce them to return to the next ball.

"Surely," thought I, "they are not adopting that system at the opera."

Of course I would not spoil my friend's happiness by mentioning my suspicions.

"By what sign are you to recognise your fair one?" I inquired.

"By a most charming and original token," replied he. "The day of the next ball I am to go in the morning to Mademoiselle X's flower-shop in the rue Vivienne, and order a bouquet, arranged in such a manner that I may be sure to know it again. My incognita will send for it, and at night, at the ball, she will carry it in her hand."

The elegance of this idea dissipated my suspicions, and I acknowledged to Charles that his unknown friend began to obtain my esteem. He promised to let me know how his adventure went on and we left the theatre.

At noon the next day Bussy called upon me. He was pale and tired, and had evidently, instead of sleeping, been puzzling his brains as to who his pink domino might be.

"Here is a list of all the ladies of my acquaintance," said he, pulling a long slip of paper from his pocket. "I have been thinking the matter over, and I strongly suspect that my domino is the Baroness B."

As I knew the Baroness B. to be an arrant coquette, I told Charles he might very probably be right in his conjecture. This confirmed him in his idea, and he made up his mind that it *was* the Baroness.

The day of the ball arrived, and at nine in the morning Bussy was at the flower-shop in the rue Vivienne ordering a most magnificent bouquet, in the centre of which he made them place a large flower that he was sure to recognise.

Throwing a Napoleon upon the counter, he told Mademoiselle X. to deliver the nosegay to a person who would call for it, but who would give no name.

She promised to do so, and in the evening when he called again, the bouquet had been taken away.

With a beating heart Charles hastened to the ball, and the next day came to me with his list again in his hand.

"I made a mistake," said he, "it is not the Baroness B."

"Who is it then?"

"It must be the Countess of O."

"How do you mean it *must* be? Do you not yet know to a certainty who it is? Did she not come to the ball?"

"She did; and I passed a most delightful hour in her society, but I neither saw her face nor learned her name. She lent a willing ear to my vows and protestations, but yet she could not make up her mind; there was some lingering feeling of remorse, or doubt of my sincerity; in short, I left her without having obtained more than a rendezvous for the day after to-morrow."

"Again at a masked ball?"

"Yes; but at the Opera Comique this time. I am to recognise her by the same means as last night."

"She wishes to see how far you will carry your perseverance," said I. "But what is your reason for promoting her? Why is she a countess to-day, when yesterday she was only a baroness?"

"Because I know no one but the Countess of O. who is to compare to her for wit and elegance of manner."

"The Countess of O. be it," said I, smiling; "but try to make more progress at your next interview than at the last."

"Oh, you may depend I shall," cried he. "I am violently in love with this woman."

He *was*, just as he said, violently in love; and it was necessary he should be so, to persevere in the pursuit, for the object of his flame put him off from one ball to the other, until at his fourth rendezvous, which was on Shrove Tuesday, he was no further advanced than on the first day, but still in perfect ignorance of the person and name of the pink domino. His passion, however, had increased at each interview.

At the third, his belle was decidedly a marchioness; and at the fourth, he made up his mind she could be nothing less than a duchess.

"You say that you love me," said the mysterious mask, in tones that emotion rendered tremulous. "How can I believe you? You have scarcely known me a week. What you call an attachment can be but a mere caprice, with the added stimulus of curiosity."

In short, poor Bussy was obliged to be contented with the promise of another meeting, at the masked ball given at mid-Lent at the Renaissance theatre.

After waiting three weeks, which appeared three centuries to my impatient friend, the day arrived, and Charles went to order his fifth bouquet of Mademoiselle X., who could not help laughing when she recognised him.

The unknown sent for this nosegay as she had done for the others, and kept her appointment with her usual exactness.

She congratulated Bussy on his constancy, and was more fascinating than she had ever been. On his part, determined to obtain the reward of his trouble and patience, he exerted all his powers of insinuation and persuasion.

"You insist upon knowing me, sir," said she at last, raising her hand to her mask.

Charles's heart beat quick, when a new doubt appeared to rise in her mind, and again his hopes were disappointed.

"If, after all, you were not to find me pretty," said she, in a trembling and agitated voice, "what a disappointment for you! What a vexation for me! Listen to me," she added, after a moment's reflection, and as though a sudden thought had struck her, "I do not wish to prolong unnecessarily the ordeal that you have supported with so much courage, but I should like to rob the one we have yet to go through of its terrors. Have patience for a few days longer, and next Monday go to the Opera Comique. From the very beginning of the performance I shall be in the last stall of the right hand balcony, dressed in a black gown and white bonnet, and with a bouquet similar to this one in my hand. Go into the opposite balcony and you will have a full view of me; if I am what you expect you can come and join me; if not, we will each remain in our places, and our acquaintance will be at an end without the awkwardness of an interview."

Charles was obliged to accede to this arrangement, although it appeared to him a most consummate and unnecessary piece of coquetry, but by this time he had almost got into the habit of being put off.

"If by some extraordinary chance," said the unknown on leaving him, "I should be prevented going to the Opera Comique next Monday, I shall be there Monday week, or if not on the third Monday, but," added she, with a charming expression of voice, "I hope to be as exact this time as the preceding ones, and it shall not be my fault if your recompense is not equal to your merit."

"It will be a thousand times superior," cried Charles, reassured by the honey of the last sentence against the doubt expressed in the preceding one.

The next morning he came to tell me of the new incident, and made me promise to accompany him to the theatre the following Monday. We went accordingly, armed with the best opera-glasses, but they were useless, for the unknown had not made her appearance. The second Monday the same thing happened, and my confiding friend began to be alarmed.

The third and last Monday we returned to our post, and congratulated our-

selves on our perseverance, when we saw the black gown and white bonnet at the appointed place.

"There she is!" exclaimed Bussy with some emotion. At the first glance he had recognised the bouquet she carried in her hand.

Our opera-glasses were immediately brought into play, and I saw a tolerably pretty person, who on her part seemed to be examining us very attentively through her glass. But I had hardly had time to look at her when I heard a chorus of angry exclamations all round me.

The exclamations proceeded from a group of young men whose eyes and opera-glasses were fixing the same object as we were. They were all more or less agitated, although in different ways. Some seemed ashamed, others furious, and some completely stupefied, but all appeared afraid to look at one another.

"What is all this?" said I to Charles, who replied by a most piteous look and seizing me by the arm dragged me into the lobby. Thence he took a last glance through the window in a box-door at the lady in the white bonnet, who had still her opera-glass on the opposite balcony.

"What do you think of my duchess?" said he, with a tragicomic smile.

"Why," replied I, "nothing very remarkable. I expected something better, I confess."

He put his mouth close to my ear, and sunk his voice into a low whisper.

"It is Mademoiselle X, the flower seller in the Rue Vivienne! To-day is the first of April, and I leave you to judge of the extent of the mystification of which I and our friends in the balcony yonder have been victims. Profit by my experience, and above all if you should meet me in the street, in the course of the next three months, don't look me in the face."

So saying, and muffling himself in his paletot, Bussy darted down the stairs, leaving me struggling violently with an inclination to laugh, which became irresistible when I saw his companions in misfortune pass one after the other before me, each looking more foolish than the preceding one. I counted them and found they were ten in number, whence I concluded that at the rate of five twenty-franc bouquets a-piece, the flower girl's carnival had produced her about a thousand francs in hard cash, without reckoning the amusement. These young men had, besides, brought her shop into notice, so that now no dandy would think of buying a nosegay of any body but Mademoiselle X.

It was discovered afterwards that she had got the names and sufficient of the histories of her dupes from a friend of hers who was waiter at the club to which Charles and his companions belong. The skill with which she kept up their illusion, and the powers of captivation she gave proof of under the mask, will not appear surprising to those who are acquainted with the natural wit and tact commonly possessed by that class of Parisian women.

My friend Bussy learnt two things from his misfortune—to beware of the puffing system, whatever disguise it may assume, and to remember that at a masked ball there are no two persons more alike than a duchess and a flower-girl.

MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

PART II.—[Continued.]

I rose early next morning, and felt the spirit stirring power of the sea breeze. In those days, Brighton covered but the borders of the shore. It was scarcely more than a little line of fishermen's cottages, fenced against the surge by the remaining timbers of boats which had long seen their last adventure. Scattered at distances at least a quarter of a mile from each other, lay some houses of a better description, a few deeply embosomed in trees, or rather in such thickets as could grow in the perpetual exposure to the rough winds and saline exhalations of the Channel. Of those, the one in which I had taken up my present residence was amongst the best; though its exterior was so unimpressive, that I was inclined to give Mordecai, or rather his gay heiress, credit for humility, or perhaps for the refinement of striking their visitors with the contrast between its simplicity of exterior and richness of decoration within.

It was a brisk, bright morning, and the waves were curling before a lively breeze, the sun was glowing above and clusters of vessels, floating down the Channel, spread their sails like masses of summer cloud in the sunshine. It was my first sight of the ocean, and that sight is always a new idea. Alexander the Great, standing on the shores of the Persian Gulf, said, "That he then first felt what the world was." Often as I have seen the ocean since, the same conception has always forced itself on me.

In what a magnificent world do we live! What power, what depth, what expanse, lay before me! How singular, too, that while the grandeur of the land arises from bold irregularity and incessant change of aspect, from the endless variety of forest, vale, and mountain; the same effect should be produced on the ocean by an absence of all irregularity and all change! A simple, level horizon, perfectly unbroken, a line of almost complete uniformity, compose a grandeur that impresses and fills the soul as powerfully as the most cloud-piercing Alp, or the Andes clothed with thunder.

This was the ocean in calm; but how glorious, too, in tempest! The storm that sweeps the land is simply a destroyer or a renovator; it smites the surface, and is gone. But the ocean is the seat of its power, the scene of its majesty, the element in which it sports, lives, and rules—penetrating to its depths, rolling its surface in thunder on the shore—changing its whole motion, its aspect, its uses, and, grand as it is in its serenity, giving it another and a more awful grandeur in its convulsion. Then, how strangely, yet how admirably, does it fulfil its great human object! Its depth and extent seem to render it the very element of separation; all the armies of the earth might be swallowed up between the shores of the Channel. Yet it is this element which actually combines the remotest regions of the earth. Divisions and barriers are essential to the protection of kingdoms from each other; yet what height of mountain range, or what depth of precipice could be so secure as the defence so simply and perpetually supplied by a surrounding sea! While this protecting element at the same time pours the wealth of the globe into the bosom of a nation.

Even all this is only the ocean as referred to man. How much more magnificent is it in itself! Thrice the magnitude of the land, the world of waters! its depth unfathomable, its mountains loftier than the loftiest of the land, its valleys more profound, the pinnacles of its hills islands! What immense shapes of animal and vegetable life may fill those boundless pastures and plains on which man shall never look! What herds, by thousands and millions, of those mighty creatures whose skeletons we discover, from time to time, in the wreck of the antediluvian globe! What secrets of form and power, of capacity and enjoyment, may exist under the cover of that mighty expanse of waves which fills the bed of the ocean, and spreads round the globe!

While those and similar ramblings were passing through my mind, as I sat gazing on the bright and beautiful expanse before me, I was aroused by a step on the shingle. I turned, and saw the gallant guardsman, who had so much interested our party on the night before. But he received my salutation with a

gravity which instantly put an end to my good-humour; and I waited for the dénouement, at his pleasure. He produced a small billet from his pocket, which I opened, and which, on glancing my eye over it, appeared to me a complete rhapsody. I begged of him to read it, and indulge me with an explanation. He read it, and smiled.

"It is, I own, not perfectly intelligible," said he; "but some allowance must be made for a man deeply injured, and inflamed by a sense of wrong."

I read the signature—Lafontaine, *Capitaine des Chasseurs légers*. I had never heard the name before. I begged to know "the nature of his business with me, as it was altogether beyond my conjecture."

"It is perfectly probable, sir," was the reply; "for I understand that you had never seen each other till last night, at the house of your friend. The case is simply this:—Lafontaine, who is one of the finest fellows breathing, has been for some time deeply smitten by the various charms of your host's very pretty daughter, and, so far as I comprehend, the lady has acknowledged his merits. But your arrival here has a good deal deranged the matter. He conceives your attentions to his fair one to be of so marked a nature, that it is impossible for him to overlook them."

I laughed, and answered,

"Sir, you may make your friend quite at his ease on the subject, for I have not known her existence till within these twenty-four hours."

"You danced with her half the evening—you sat beside her at supper. She listened to you with evident attention—of this last I myself was witness; and the report in the neighbourhood is, that you have come to this place by an express arrangement with her father," gravely retorted the guardsman.

All this exactness of requisition appeared to me to be going rather too far; and I exhibited my feeling on the subject, in the tone in which I replied, that I had stated every thing that was necessary for the satisfaction of a "man of sense, but that I had neither the faculty nor the inclination to indulge the capriciousness of any man."

His colour mounted, and I seemed as if I was likely to have a couple of heroes on my hands. But he compressed his lip, evidently strangled a chivalric speech, and, after a pause to recover his calmness, said—

"Sir, I have not come here to decide punctilios on either side. I heartily wish that this affair had not occurred, or could be reconciled; my countrymen here, I know, stand on a delicate footing, and I am perfectly aware of the character that will be fastened on them by the occurrence of such rencontres. Can you suggest any means by which this difference may be settled at once?"

"None in the world, sir," was my answer. "I have told you the fact, that I have no pretension whatever to the lady—that I am wholly unacquainted even with the person of your friend—that the idea of intentional injury on my part, therefore, is ridiculous; and let me add, for the benefit of your friend, that to expect an apology for imaginary injuries, would be the most ridiculous part of the entire transaction."

"What, then, am I to do?" asked the gallant captain, evidently perplexed. "I really wish that the affair could be got over without fracas. In fact, though the Jewess is pretty, Lafontaine's choice does not much gratify any of us."

"What you ought to do, sir, is sufficiently plain," said I. "Go to your friend; if he has brains enough remaining to comprehend the nature of the case, he will send you back with his apology. If he has not, I shall remain half an hour on the sands until he has made up his mind."

The captain made me a low bow, and slowly paced back to the lodging of his fiery compatriot.

When I was left alone, I, for the first time, felt the whole ill-luck of my situation. So long as I was heated by our little dialogue, I thought only of retorting the impertinent interference of a stranger with my motives or actions. But, now, the whole truth flashed upon me with the force of a new faculty. I saw myself involved in a contest with a fool or a lunatic, in which either of our lives, or both, might be sacrificed—and for nothing. Hope, fortune, reputation, perhaps renown, all the prospects of life were opening before me, and I was about to shut the gate with my own hand. In these thoughts I was still too young for what is called personal peril to intervene. The graver precaution of more advanced years was entirely out of the question. I was a soldier, or about to be one; and I would have rejoiced, if the opportunity had been given to me, in heading a forlorn hope, or doing any other of those showy things which make a name. The war, too, was beginning—my future regiment was ordered for foreign service—every heart in England was beating with hope or fear—every eye of Europe was fixed upon England and Englishmen; and, in the midst of this high excitement, to fall in a pitiful private quarrel, struck me with a sudden sense of self-contempt and wilful absurdity, that made me almost loathe my being. I acknowledged that the higher thoughts, which place those rencontres in their most criminal point of view, had then but little influence with me. But to think that, within the next hour, or the next five minutes, I might be but like the sleepers in the rude resting-place of the fishermen; with my name unknown, and all the associations of life extinguished—

"This sensible war motion to become

A kneaded clod"—

was an absolute pang. I could have died a martyr, and despised the flame, or rather rejoiced in it, as a security that I should not perish forgotten. But a fancied wrong, an obscure dispute, the whole future of an existence flung away for the jealous dreams of a mad Frenchman, or the sport of a coquette, of whom I knew as little as of her fantastic lover, threw me into a fever of scorn for the solemn follies of mankind.

The captain returned. I had not stirred from the spot.

"I regret," said he, "that my friend is wholly intractable. He has convinced himself, if he can convince no one else, that he has wholly lost the good opinion of his fair one, and that you are the cause. Some communication which he had from London informed him of your frequent intercourse with her father. This rendered him suspicious, and the peculiar attention with which you were treated last night, produced a demand for an explanation; which, of course, heightened the quarrel. The inamorata, probably not displeased to have more suitors than one, whether in amusement or triumph, appears to have assisted his error, if such it be; and he returned home, stung to madness by what he terms her infidelity. He now demands your formal abandonment of the pursuit."

All my former feelings of offence recurred at the words, and I hotly asked—"Well, sir, to whom must I kneel—to the lady or the gentleman? Take my answer back—that I shall do neither. Where is your friend to be found?"

He pointed a clump of trees within a few hundred yards, and I followed him. There saw my antagonist; a tall, handsome young man, but with a countenance of such dejection that he might have sat for the picture of despair. It was clear that his case was one for which there was no tonic, but what the wits of the day called a course of steel. Beside him stood a grey-haired old figure,

of a remarkably intelligent countenance, though stooped slightly with age. He was introduced to me as General Deschamps: and in a few well-expressed words, he mentioned that he attended, from respect to the British, to offer his services to me on an occasion "which he deeply regretted, but which circumstances unfortunately rendered necessary, and which all parties were doubtless anxious to conclude before it should produce any irritation in the neighbourhood."

To the offer of choice of weapons, I returned an answer of perfect indifference. It had happened, that as my father had destined me for diplomacy, and had conceived the science to have but two essentials, French and fencing, I was tolerably expert in both. Swords were chosen. We were placed on the ground, and the conflict began. My antagonist was evidently a master of his art; but there is no weapon whose use depends so much on the mind of the moment as the sword. He was evidently resolved to kill or be killed; and the desperation with which he rushed on me exposed him to my very inferior skill. At the third pass I ran him through the sword arm. He staggered back with the twinge; but at the instant when he was about to bound on me, and perhaps take his revenge, a scream stopped us all; a female wrapped in cloak and veil, rushed forward, and threw herself into Lafontaine's arms in a passion of sobs. An attendant, who soon came up, explained the circumstance; and it finally turned out, that the fair Marianne, whatever her coquetry might have intended at night, repented at morn; recollected some of the ominous expressions of her lover; and on hearing that he had been seen with a group entering the grove, and that I, too, was absent, had conjectured the truth at once, and flown, with her *femme de chambre*, to the rendezvous. She had come just in time.

The reconciliation was complete. I was now not only forgiven by the lover, but was the "very best friend he had in the world;—a man of honour, a paragon, a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*." The wound of the gallant chasseur was bound up, like an ancient knight's, with his mistress's scarf. She upbraided me with her glistening eyes, for having had the audacity to quarrel with her hero; and then, with the same eyes, thanked me for the opportunity of proving her faith to *cher et malheureux Charles*. Her little heart poured out its full abundance in her voluble tongue; and for a quarter of an hour, and it is a long life for happiness, we were the happiest half dozen in Christendom.

How Mordecai would admire all this was yet to be told; but my casual mention of his name broke up the rapture at once. Marianne suddenly became sensible of the irregularity of alternately fainting and smiling in the arms of a handsome young soldier; and in the presence, too, of so many spectators, all admirers of her black eyes and blooming sensibilities. She certainly looked to me much prettier than in her full dress charms of the evening before, and I almost began to think that the prize was worth contending for; but the guardsman and the old general had felt the effects of the morning air, and were un-sentimentally hungry. Marianne and her attendant were escorted to the edge of the plantation by her restored knight; and I accepted the general's invitation to breakfast, instead of drowning myself in the next pond.

The general was lodged in the first floor of a fisherman's dwelling, which, in more polished parts of the land, would have been pronounced a hovel; but in Brighton, as it then was, bore the name of a house. We entered it through an apartment filled with matters of the fisherman's trade,—nets, barrels, and grapnels; and in a corner a musket or two, which had evidently seen service, though probably not in his Majesty's pay. The walls were covered with engravings of British sea-fights and favourite admirals, from the days of Elizabeth; patriotic in the highest degree, and most intolerable specimens of the arts; the floor, too, had its covering, but it was of nearly a dozen children of all sizes, from the bluff companion of his father down to the crier in the cradle; yet all fine bold specimens of the brood of sea and fresh air, British bull-dogs, that were yet to pin down the game all round the world; or rather cubs of the British lion, whose roar was to be the future terror of the foreigner.

The general welcomed us to his little domicile with as much grace as if he was ushering us into the throne-room of the Tuileries. I afterwards understood that he had been governor of the "Invalides;" and the change from the stately halls of that military palace must have severely taxed the philosophy of any man; yet it had no appearance of having ruffled the temperament of the gallant veteran. He smiled, talked, and did the honours of his apartment with as much urbanity as if he had been surrounded by all the glittering furniture, and all the liveried attendance of his governorship. I have always delighted in an old Frenchman, especially if he has served. Experience has made me a cosmopolite, and yet to this hour a young Frenchman is my instinctive aversion. He is born in coxcombry, cradled in coxcombry, and educated in coxcombry. It is only after his coxcombry is rubbed off by the changes and chances of the world, that the really valuable material of the national character is to be seen. He always reminds me of the mother-of-pearl shell, rude and unpromising on the outside, but by friction exhibiting a fine interior. However it may be thought a paradox to pronounce the Frenchman unpolished, I hold to my assertion. If the whole of "jeune France" sprang on their feet and clapped their hands to the hilts of their swords, or more probably to their daggers, to avenge the desecration of the only shrine at which nine-tenths of them worship, I should still pronounce the Frenchman the most unpolished of Europeans. What is his look of conscious superiority to all that exist besides in this round world? The toss of his nostril, the glare of his eye, the contempt of his gathered lip! Give me the homeliest manners of the homeliest corner of Europe—nay, give me the honest rudeness of the American savage, in preference to this arrogant assumption of an empty superiority. Why, the very tone in which every Frenchman, from fifteen to five-and-forty, utters the words, "*la France*," is enough to raise the laugh, or make the blood boil, of all mankind.

Nearly twenty years after this, I happened to be sitting one day with Gentz, the most memorable practical philosopher of his age and country. Germany was then in the most deplorable depression, overrun with French armies; and with Napoleon at Erfurt, in the pride of that "bad eminence" on which he stood in such Titanic grandeur, and from which he was so soon to be flung with such Titanic ruin. Our conversation naturally turned on the melancholy state of things.

"I think," said the great politician, "that this supremacy must fall. I might not think so if any other nation were the masters of Europe; but France, though often a conqueror, has never been a possessor. The insolence of the individual Frenchman has been the grand obstacle to the solidity of her empire."

To my remark, that her central position, her vast population, the undaunted bravery of her troops, and the military propensities of her people, fitted her to be the disturber of Europe.

"Yes," was the sage's answer; "but to be no more than the disturber. Her power is the whirlwind; for purposes which man may never be able fully to define, suffered, or sent forth, to sweep the continent; perhaps, like the tempest,

to punish, nay, perhaps in the end to purify; but the tempest is scarcely more transitory, or more different from the dew that invisibly descends and silently refreshes the land."

"But Napoleon," said I, "with an army of a million recruited from thirty millions, opposed to the worn-down force and exhausted treasures of the Continent! What an iron wedge driven in among their dilapidated combinations! What a mountain of granite, with the cloud and the thunder for its crown, domineering over the plain!"

"True—perfectly true," he replied, throwing back the long locks from a broad forehead which reminded me of a bust from Plato. "True. Man may be as little able to decide on the means by which the power of France will fall, as on the purposes for which that splendid fabric of iniquity first rose. But, look into that street."

It happened that a French regiment of cuirassiers, with the fine clangour of its drums and trumpets, was passing under the window at the moment.

"You see there," said he, "the kind of feeling which that really striking show produces; not a window is open but our own. The blinds of every window have been let down, not an eye looks at these troops. Yet the public of Vienna are extravagantly fond of display in all its shapes; and punch-nello, or a dance of dogs, would bring a head to every pane of glass, from the roof to the ground. The French are individually shrunk from, hated, abhorred."

"Naturally enough, as conquerors," I observed; chiefly from a desire to hear more of the sentiments of the celebrated German.

"No—no!" said he, almost in a tone of vexation. "The Germans are as much alive to the merits of their enemies in the field, as any other nation in the world. They acknowledge the soldiership of the French. I even believe that the talents of their extraordinary emperor are more sincerely acknowledged in Vienna than in Paris. But it is the intolerable insolence of the national character, that makes its bravery, its gaiety, and even its genius detested. Trust me; this feeling will not be unfruitful. Out of the hut of the peasant will come the avengers, whom the cabinet has never been able to find in the camp. Out of the swamp and the thicket will rise the tree that will at once overshadow the fallen fortunes of Germany, and bring down the lightning on her aggressors. In this hope alone I live."

I once more asked him, "From what quarter is the restoration to come?"

"I know not—I care not—I ask not," said he, starting from his chair, and traversing the room with large strides. "The topic feels to me as if a sword was now grinding its way through my frame. But France will never keep Austria, nor Prussia, nor the Rhenish provinces, nor Holland, nor any spot on earth beyond the land inhabited by Frenchmen. It is true," said he, with a stern smile, "that she may keep her West India Islands, if your ships will let her. The negroes are her natural subjects. They have backs accustomed to the lash, and black cheeks that will not redden at her insolence."

"Are the German sovereigns of your opinion?"

"To a man. It is but this morning that I was honoured with a reception by our good emperor. His conviction was complete. But you will not see Austria stir a single step, until war is the outcry, not of her court, but of her people. The trumpet that leads the march will be blown not from the parade of Vienna or Berlin, but from the village, the pasture, the forest, and the mountain. The army will be the peasant, the weaver, the trader, the student, the whole of the pacific multitude of life turned into the materials of war; the ten thousand rills that silently water the plain of society suddenly united into one inundation; the eyes of every man looking only for the enemy; the feet of every man pursuing him; the hands of every man slaying him. The insolence of the Frenchman has contrived to convey a sting of the bitterness of conquest into every heart of our millions, and our millions will return it with resistless retribution."

"You have cheered and convinced me," said I, as I rose to take my leave. "It certainly is rather strange that France, always mad with the love of seizure, has been able to acquire nothing during the last hundred years."

"You will find my theory true," said Gentz. "The individual insolence of her people has been the real impediment to the increase of her dominions. She is not the only ambitious power on the face of the earth. Russia has doubled her empire within those hundred years, yet she has kept possession of every league. Prussia has doubled her territory within the same time, yet she has added the new solidly to the old. I am not an advocate for the principle or the means by which those conquests have been accomplished; but they have been retained. Austria has been for the same time nearly mistress of Italy, and though the French arms have partially shaken her authority, it was never shaken by popular revolt. And why is all this contradiction to the flighty conquest and ephemeral possession of France? The obvious reason is, that however the governments might be disliked, neither the Austrian soldier, nor the Prussian, nor even the Russian, made himself abhorred, employed his study in vexing the feelings of the people, had a perpetual sneer on his visage, or exhibited in his habits a perpetual affectation of that coxcomb superiority to all other human beings, that pert supremacy, that grotesque and yet irritating caricature, which makes the *Moi, je suis Française*, a demand for universal adoration, the concentrated essence of absurdity, the poison-drop of scorn."

"When will this great consummation arrive?"

"When the tyranny can be endured no longer; when the people find that they must depend upon themselves for its redress; when a just Providence finds the vindication of its laws required by the necessities of man."

"From what quarter will the grand efforts first come?"

"From the nation most aggrieved."

"What will be its result?"

To this moment I remember the sudden light which flashed into his cold grey eye, the gasping lip, and the elevation which even his stooped form assumed; as he answered with a tone and gesture which might have been imagined for one of the prophets of the Sistine Chapel—

"The result," said he, "will be the fall of the French empire, for it is a house built on the sand;—the extinction of Napoleon, for it is his creation, and the one cannot survive the other;—the liberation of Europe, for its united strength can be chained no longer;—perhaps the liberty of man, for the next step for nations which have crushed foreign dominion is to extinguish domestic despotism. Europe once free, what is to come? A new era, a new shape of society, a new discovery of the mighty faculties of nations, of the wonders of mind, of matter, and of man; a vast shaking of the earth and its institutions; and out of this chaos, a new moral creation, *fat lux et fugient tenebrae*."

The prediction has been partly realized. Much is yet to be fulfilled. But, like Gentz, I live in hope, and think that I see an approach to the consummation.

But the party to whom I was now introduced were of a different order from the generality of their country. Originally of the first education and first society of France, the strictness of the military service had produced on them

the most valuable effect of years. The natural vividness of their temperament was smoothed down, their experience of English kindness had diminished their prejudices; and adversity—and no men bear the frowns of fortune better than their nation—gave them almost the manly calmness of the English gentleman. I found the old general all courtesy, and his friends all good-humour. My conduct in the affair of the morning was after their own hearts; I had, by common consent, earned their good graces; and they gave me on the spot half a dozen invitations to the regiments and chateaus of themselves and their friends, with as much hospitable sincerity as if they had only to recross the Channel to take possession of them again. Lafontaine was still moody, but he was in love; and, by this fact, unlike every body else and unlike himself, from one half hour to another.

The conversation soon turned on a topic, on which the emigrants every where were peculiarly anxious to be set right with English feeling, namely, their acquittance from the charge of having fled unnecessarily.

"Men of honour," observed the general, "understand each other in all countries. I therefore always think it due, to both Englishmen and Frenchmen, to explain, that we are not here in the light of fugitives; that we have not given up the cause of our country; and that we are on English ground in express obedience to the commands of our sovereign. I am at this moment, in this spot, on the king's duty, waiting, like my gallant friends here, merely the order to join the first expedition which can be formed for the release of our monarch, and the rescue of France from the horde of villains who have filled it with rebellion." All fully accorded with the sentiment. "The captivity of the king," said he, "is the result of errors which none could have anticipated ten days since. The plan decided on by the council of officers, of which I was one, was the formation of a camp on the frontier, to which his majesty and the princes should repair, summon the chief authorities of the kingdom, and there provide for the general safety with a deliberation which was impossible in Paris. I was sent off at midnight to take the command of the District of the Loire. I found myself there at the head of ten regiments, in the highest order, and, as I thought, of the highest loyalty. I addressed them and was received with shouts of *Vive le Roi!* I gave an addition of pay to the troops, and a banquet to the officers. A note was handed to me, as I took my seat at the head of the table. It simply contained the words, 'You are betrayed.' I read it aloud in contempt and was again answered by shouts of *Vive le Roi!* While we were in the midst of our conviviality, a volley was fired in at the windows, and the streets of Nantz were in uproar—the whole garrison had mutinied. The officers were still loyal: but what was to be done? We rushed out with drawn swords. On our first appearance in the porch of the hotel, a platoon posted in front, evidently for our massacre, levelled by word of command, and fired deliberately into the midst of us. Several were killed on the spot, and many wounded. Some rushed forward, and some retreated into the house. I was among those who forced their way through the crowd, and before I had struggled to the end of the long street, the cry of 'fire' made me look round—the hotel was in a blaze. The rabble had set it on flame. It was this, probably, that saved me, by distracting their attention. I made my way to the chateau of the Count de Travancour, whose son had been on my staff at the Invalides. But the family was in Paris, and the only inhabitants were servants. I had received a musket ball in my arm, and was faint with loss of blood. Still, I was determined to remain at my post, and not to quit my district as long as any thing could be done. But I had scarcely thrown myself, in weariness and vexation, on a sofa, when a servant rushed into the room with the intelligence, that a band of men with torches were approaching the chateau. To defend it with a garrison of screaming women was hopeless; and while I stood considering what to do next, we heard the crash of the gates. The whole circle instantly fell on their knees before me, and implored that I should save their lives and my own, by making my escape. A courageous Breton girl undertook to be my guide to the stables, and we set off under a shower of prayers for our safety. But, as we wound our way along the last corridor, I saw the crowd of soldiers and populace rushing up the staircase at the opposite side of the court, and calling out my name joined to a hundred atrocious epithets. My situation now obviously became difficult; for our advance would be met at the next minute by the assassins. The girl's presence of mind saved me; she flew back to the end of the gallery, threw open a door which led to the roof; and I was in the open air, with the stars bright above me, and a prodigious extent of the country, including Nantz, beneath.

"Yet you may believe that the landscape was not among my principal contemplations at the moment, though my eyes involuntarily turned on the town; where, from the blazes springing up in various quarters, I concluded that a general pillage had begun. That pillage was the order of the day much nearer to me, I could fully conceive, from the opening and shutting of doors, and the general tumult immediately under the leads where I stood. "Situation, gentlemen," said the old general, smiling, "is something, but circumstances are necessary to make it valuable. There never was a finer night for an investigation of the stars, if I had been an astronomer; and I dare say that the spot which formed my position would have been capital for and observatory; but the torches which danced up and down through the old and very dingy casements of the mansion, were a matter of much more curious remark to me than if I had discovered a new constellation.

"At length I was chased even out of this spot—my door had been found out. I have too much gallantry left to suppose that my Breton had betrayed me; though a dagger at her heart and a purse in her hand might be powerful arguments against saving the life of an old soldier who had reached his grand climacteric. At all events, as I saw torch after torch rising along the roofs, I moved into the darkness.

"I had here a new adventure. I saw a feeble light gleaming through the roof. An incautious step brought me upon a skylight, and I went through; my fall, however, being deadened by bursting my way through the canopy of a bed. I had fallen into the hospital of the chateau. An old Beguine was reading her breviary in an adjoining room. She rushed in with a scream. But those women are so much accustomed to casualties, that I had no sooner acquainted her with the reasons of my flight, than she offered to assist my escape. She had been for some days in attendance on a sick servant. She led me down to the entrance of a subterranean communication between the mansion and the river, one of the old works which had probably been of serious service in the days when every chateau in the West was a fortress. The boat which had brought her from the convent was at the mouth of the subterranean; there, the Loire was open. If you ask, why I did not prefer throwing myself before the pursuers, and dying like a soldier, my reason was, that I should have been numbered merely among those who had fallen obscurely in the various skirmishes of the country; and besides, that if I escaped, I should have one chance more of preserving the province.

"But, at the moment when I thought myself most secure, I was in reality in the greatest peril. The Loire had long since broken into the work, which

had probably never seen a mason since the wars of the League. I had made no calculation for this, and I had descended but a few steps, when I found my feet in water. I went on, however, till it reached my sword-belt. I then thought it time to pause; but just then, I heard a shout at the top of the passage—on the other hand I felt that the tide was rushing in, and to stay where I was would be impossible. The perplexity of that quarter of an hour would satisfy me for my whole life. I pretend to no philosophy, and have never desired to die before my time. But it was absolutely not so much the dread of finishing my career, as of the manner in which it must be finished there, which made the desperate anxiety of a struggle which I would not undergo again for the throne of the Mogul. Still, even with the roar of the water on one side, and of the rabble on the other, I had some presentiment that I should yet live to hang some of my pursuers. At all events I determined not to give my body to be torn to pieces by savages, and my name to be branded as a runaway and a poltroon.

A strong suffusion overspread the veteran's face as he pronounced the words; he was evidently overcome by the possibility of the stigma.

"I have never spoken of this night before," said he, "and I allude to it even now, merely to tell this English gentleman and his friends how groundless would be the conception that the soldiers and nobles of an unfortunate country made their escape, before they had both suffered and done a good deal. My condition was probably not more trying than that of thousands less accustomed to meet difficulties than the officers of France: and I can assure him, that no country is more capable of a bold endurance of evils, or a chivalric attachment to a cause."

I gave my full belief to a proposition in which I had already full faith, and of which the brave and intelligent old man before me was so stately an example.

"But I must not detain you," said he, "any longer with an adventure which had not the common merit of a Boulevard spectacle; for it ended in neither the blowing up of a castle, nor, as you may perceive, the fall of the principal performer. As the tide rushed up through the works, I, of course receded, until at length I was caught sight of by the rabble. They poured down, and were now within a hundred yards of me, while I could not move. At that moment a strong light flashed along the cavern from the river, and I discovered for the first time that it too was not above a hundred yards from me. I had been a good swimmer in early life: I plunged in, soon reached the stream, and found that the light came from one of the boats that fish the Loire at night, and which had accidentally moored in front of my den. I got on board; the fisherman carried me to the other side; I made my way across the country, reached one of my garrisons, found the troops, fortunately, indignant at the treatment which the king's colours had received; marched at the head of two thousand men by daybreak, and by noon was in the Grand Place of Nantz; proceeded to try a dozen of the ringleaders of the riot, who had not been merely rebels, but robbers and murderers; and amid the acclamations of the honest citizens, gave them over to the fate which villains in every country deserve, and which is the only remedy for rebellion in any. But my example was not followed; its style did not please the ministers whom our king had been compelled to choose by the voice of the Palais Royal; and as his majesty would not consent to bring me to the scaffold for doing my duty, he compromised the matter, by an order to travel for a year, and a passport for England."

"Toutes les belles dames sont, plus ou moins, coquettes," says that gayest of all old gentlemen, the Prince de Ligne, who loved every body, amused every body, and laughed at every body. It is not for me to dispute the authority of one who contrived to charm, at once, the imperial severity of Maria Theresa and the imperial pride of Catharine; to baffle the keen investigation of the keenest of mankind, the eccentric Kaunitz; and rival the profusion of the most magnifique and oriental of all prime ministers, Potemkin.

Marianne was a "belle dame," and a remarkable pretty one. She was therefore intitled to all the privileges of prettiness; and, it must be acknowledged, that she enjoyed them to a very animated extent. In the curious memoirs of French private life, from Plessis les Tours down to St. Evremond and Marmontel—and certainly more amusing and dexterous dissections of human nature, at least as it is in France, never existed—our cooler countrymen often wonder at the strange attachments, subsisting for half a century between the old, who were nothing but simple fireside friends after all; and even between the old and the young. The story of Ninon and her Abbé—the unfortunate relationship, and the unfortunate catastrophe excepted—was the story of hundreds or thousands in every city of France fifty years ago. It arises from the vividness of the national mind, the quick susceptibility to being pleased, and the natural return which the heart makes in gratitude. If it sometimes led to error—it was the more to be regretted. But I do not touch on such views.

As the Jew's daughter had been rendered by her late adventure all but the affianced bride of Lafontaine, she immediately assumed all the rights of a bride, treated her slave as slaves are treated every where, received his friends at her villa with animation, and opened her heart to them all, from the old general downwards, even to me. I never had seen a creature so joyous, with all her soul so speaking on her lips, and all her happiness so sparkling in her eyes. She was the most restless, too, of human beings; but it was the restlessness of a glow of enjoyment, of a bird in the first sunshine, of a butterfly in the first glitter of its wings. She was now continually forming some party, some ingenious surprise of pleasure, some little sportive excursion, some half theatrical scene, to keep all our hearts and eyes as much alive as her own. Lafontaine obviously did not like all this; and some keen encounters of their wits took place, on the pleasure which, as he averred, "she took in all society but his own."

"If the charge be true," said she one day, "why am I in fault? It is so natural to try to be happy."

"But, to be happy without me, Marianne."

"Ah, what an impossibility!" laughed the little foreigner.

"But to receive the attentions even of the general, old enough to have married your grandmother."

"Well, does it not show his taste, even in your own opinion, to follow your example, and admire what you tell me *you* worship?"

"You are changed, you are a *girouette*, Marianne."

"Well, nothing in the world is so melancholy as one who lets all the world pass by, without a thought, a feeling, or a wish. One might as well be one of the pictures in the Louvre, pretty and charming, and gazed at by all the passers-by, without a glance for any of them in return. I have no kind of envy for being a mummy, covered with cloth of gold, and standing in a niche of cedar, yet with all its sensations vanished some thousand years ago."

"Was this the language you held to me when first we met, Marianne?"

"Was this the language *you* held to me, when first we met, Charles? But I shall lose my spirits if I talk to you. What a sweet evening! What a de-

licious breeze! *Bon soir!* And forth she went, tripping it among the beds of flowers like a sylph, followed by Lafontaine, moody and miserable, yet unable to resist the spell. Of those scenes I saw a hundred, regularly ending in the same conclusion: the lady always, as ladies ought, gaining the day, and the gentleman vexed, yet vanquished. But evil days were at hand; many a trial more severe than the pretty arguments of lovers awaited them; and Lafontaine was to prove himself a hero in more senses than one, before they met again.

It happened, that I was somewhat a favourite with Mariamne. Yet I was the only one of whom Lafontaine never exhibited a suspicion. His nature was chivalrous, the rencounter between us he regarded as in the strongest degree a pledge of brotherhood; and he allowed me to bask in the full sunshine of his fair one's smiles, without a thought of my intercepting one of their beams. In fact, he almost formally gave his wild bird into my charge. Accordingly, whenever he was called to London, which was not unfrequently the case, as the business of the emigrants with Government grew more serious, I was her chosen companion; and as she delighted in galloping over the hills and vales of Sussex, I was honoured by being her chief equerry; she repaying the service by acting as my cicerone.

"Come," said she one day, at the end of an excursion, or rather a race of some miles along the shore, which put our blood-horses in a foam, "have you ever seen *Les Interieurs*?"

"No."

"I saw you," she remarked, "admiring the *Duchesse de Saint Alainville* at our little ball the other night."

"It was impossible to refuse admiration. She is the noblest looking woman I ever saw."

"One of the noblest, sir, if you please. But, as I disdain the superb in every thing"—She fixed her bright eyes on me.

"The fascinating is certainly much superior." A slight blush touched her cheek, she bowed, and all was good-humour again.

"Well, then," said she, "since you have shown yourself rational at last, I shall present you to this superb beauty in her own palace. You shall see your idol in her morning costume, her French reality."

She touched the pane of a window with her whip, and a bowing domestic appeared. "Is her Grace at home?" was the question. "Her Grace receives to-day," was the answer. My companion looked surprised, but there was no retreating. We alighted from our horses to attend the "reception."

The cottage was simply a cottage, roofed with thatch; and furnished in the homeliest style of the peasants to whom it had belonged. We went up stairs. A few objects of higher taste were to be seen in the apartment to which we were now ushered—a pendule, a piano, and one or two portraits superbly framed, and with ducal coronets above them. But, to my great embarrassment, the room was full, and full of the first names of France. Yet the whole assemblage were female, and the glance which the Duchess cast from her fauteuil, as I followed my rather startled guide into the room, showed me that I had committed some terrible solecism, in intruding on the party. On what mysteries had I ventured, and what was to be the punishment of my temerity in the very shrine of the *Bona Dea*? My pretty guide, on finding herself with all those dark eyes fixed on her, and all those stately features looking something between sorrow and surprise, faltered, and grew alternately red and pale. We were both on the point of retiring; when the Duchess, after a brief consultation with some of the surrounding matronage, made a sign to Mariamne to approach. Her hospitality to all the emigrant families had undoubtedly given her a claim on their attentions. The result was a most gracious smile from Madame la Presidente, and I took my seat in silence and submission.

"Is France a country of female beauty?" is a question which I have often heard, and which I have always answered by a recollection of this scene. I never saw so many handsome women together, before or since. All were not Venuses, it is true; but there was an expression, almost a mould of feature, universal, which struck the eye more than beauty. It was impossible to doubt that I was among a high caste; there was a general look of nobleness, a lofty yet feminine grace of countenance, a stately sweetness, which are involuntarily connected with high birth, high manners, and high history.

There were some whose fine regularity of feature might have served as the model for a Greek sculptor. Yet those were not the faces on which the eye rested with the long and deep delight that "drinks in beauty." I saw some worthy of the sublime spell of Vandyke, more with the magnificence of style which Reynolds loved, and still more with the subdued dignity and touching elegance of which Lawrence was so charming a master.

On my return to French society in after years, I was absolutely astonished at the change which seemed to me to have taken place in the beauty of high life. I shall not hazard my reputation for gallantry, by tracing the contrast more closely. But evil times had singularly acted upon the physiognomy even of the nobles. The age of the *roturier* had been the climacteric of France. Generals from the ranks, countesses from the canaille, legislators from the dregs of the populace, and proprietors from the mingled stock of the parasite and the plunderer, naturally gave the countenance, formed by their habits, to the nation formed by their example.

Still there were, and are, examples of this original beauty to be found among the *élite* of the noble families; but they are rare, and to be looked on as one looks on a statue of *Praxiteles* found in the darkness and wrecks of *Herculaneum*. In the words of the old song, slightly changed—

"I roam'd through France's sanguine sand,
At beauty's altar to adore,
But there the sword had spoil'd the land,
And Beauty's daughters are no more."

THE BABYLONIAN MARSHES.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The captiousness of learning has, in this country, become almost a proverb, and the public mind is only at variance as to whether the mathematician or the classical scholar is most severe in criticism. This painful truth has been recalled to my mind, by reading the following passage, written by Foster, a commentator on Xenophon:—"Speaking of the magnitude of the Euphrates, puts me in mind of what Strabo says of it, where he informs us that it runs through the middle of ancient Babylon, and was a stadium (two hundred yards) in breadth; which Calmet, with the generosity of modern writers, takes for granted, without examining what difficulties such an assertion is loaded with. Xenophon, who forced it himself, affirms that this river is four stadia (eight hundred yards) broad at Thapsacus, above five hundred miles higher than Babylon; and all the world is sensible, that rivers do not grow narrower the further they proceed in their course." Now this overwhelming closet critic, who brings the whole world against the accuracy of the Arabian geographer and the generosity of

Calmet, happens in this case to be in the wrong; for the Euphrates, contrary to what is certainly generally the case, narrows in its lower or Babylonian portion, and dwindles away to almost nothing. The width of the river at Thapsacus is, as described by the illustrious author of the *Anabasis*, about eight hundred yards; but on entering the plains of Babylonia, its waters are drained by several large canals going to the Tigris, till by the time it has reached Babylon, it is no more than about two hundred yards in width; and below this again, they are carried off by many minor canals, to the right and left, that so little water is left in the main channel, as to render it no longer distinguishable from the derivatives, spreading like a net-work, over the wide, extending marshes, which result from this state of things.

The steamer Euphrates entered these marshes on a fine summer afternoon. The river was narrow and tortuous, and at times confined to a bed of scarcely two hundred feet in width; at others, nearly covered with vegetation; while the marshes around were at times so low, that the stream was only retained in its course by artificial embankments, which, had the steamer run against them, would in all probability have given way, carrying river and ship together into the morass, to leave the latter, in a short time, imbedded, like a huge fish, amidst reeds and sedges. The pilot was somewhat puzzled to find his way amid these intricacies, but at length we arrived at the reed-built town of Lemlun, which is situated upon a narrow tongue of land, advancing, where the river is divided into two branches, and having a mud fort placed so as to defend the extreme point, and close to the fork of the river.

This town is inhabited by Arabs of the Khezail tribe, Persians by descent, Shiite by persuasion, and robbers by profession, but they also feed buffaloes, and cultivate much rice. They were undoubtedly the most wild, cunning, and strange Arabs, that we met with during the whole navigation. The first proof of their faithfulness which they gave us, was by indicating a wrong branch of the river as the navigable one; and, in consequence, we had not followed it for above a mile or so, when the steamer, after overcoming many difficulties, finally stuck in the mud; and thus we were left to spend the night in the wilderness of waters, attended by a cloud of mosquitoes, which, by their density, almost anticipated darkness. Some smoked, others covered up their hands and faces, and many sailors climbed up the rigging, to avoid the pest, but it was in vain; they were so numerous, and so fierce in their attacks, that they penetrated everywhere, and through everything.

But there was something so new and so striking in these great marshes, that they rivetted the attention, despite the mosquitoes. Besides, the channel we were in, calm, glassy, and diversified by flowering plants, we could distinguish from the deck that all around us was water, out of which grew high plants of the reed, rush, and flag kind, and tall grasses, which, in these latitudes, assume the port and bearing of reeds. Amid this dense vegetation were meres, or little lakes of water, interspersed with great white lilies and other beautiful and large flowering plants, amid which, stately pelicans sailed about, as if proud of the undisputed possession of such safe and tranquil retreats. Afar off, were some grassy spots, on which an occasional buffalo was seen feeding, or, on the extreme limits of which, some dusky encampment of Arabs was just perceptible, while on the very verge of the horizon, and rising out of the sea of reeds and tall grasses, lofty mounds of earth and sun-dried bricks, were seen faintly against the sunset.

When Alexander the Great was at Babylon, he determined, with his characteristic excursive spirit, to explore the "Paludes Babylonie;" but the undertaking was not so simple as at first appeared, for on this occasion many of the galleys lost their way, and during a gust of wind, the Imperial Tiara was blown from the conqueror's brows—curious forewarning of the fatal attempt to regenerate the doomed city—and was brought up by one of the mounds in question, which, at those early times, as at present, diversified the surface of the marshes. Many of these mounds indicate the sites of temples belonging to ancient Babylonian and Chaldean cities; but others, as Arrian relates, are monuments of the dead, and tombs of the Kings of Assyria; and modern travellers have found glazed earthen coffins in some of them. In these latter respects, they resemble the *Dakmah* of the Persians, where the fire-worshippers exposed their dead bodies, and which, in many cases, still serve as a place of prayer and sepulture to the Muhammedans.

Islanded amidst this wilderness of waters, were also occasionally to be seen the reed tombs of the Sheiks, or holy men, while a few of the living members of the tribe stole stealthily along in their light canoes from mere to mere, by narrow invisible channels known only to themselves, till they got into the neighbourhood of the steamer. These Khezail Arabs were remarkable for their long, spare forms, all ease and freedom. They were almost entirely naked, and their dark hair, plaited in long ringlets, fell over their shoulders, sheltering them from the sun, and doing duty as a kerchief. Their limbs, which were otherwise well-proportioned, were so extremely long, that it was impossible not to think, that, like wading birds, whose legs are adapted for their peculiar habits of life, a long residence in marshes, and the habits of wading consequent thereon, continued through many generations, had effected a somewhat similar adaptation of form to habit, in the human family. They certainly live almost as much in the waters as out of them; the buffalo feeds, and they can only reach it up to their middles in water; rice is only grown in swamps, and I have even seen a baby swinging in a cradle, suspended from the top of a reed hut, where, owing to a flooded state of the waters, the stream was flowing, in an unimpeded current, through the hut itself. Their familiarity with water commences thus at a very early age.

Sunset cast a red glare of splendour over this extraordinary scene. Night-birds began to wing their heavy flights with prolonged screeches, and the far-off villages were obscurely illumined by the early night-fires, becoming so many beacons to the Arabs, who now paddled away in their canoes along the golden flood, rising, giant-like, up out of the surrounding reeds and rushes, and cheering their way home with songs and choruses, responding to one another, till the savage sounds were lost in the distance, and everything was enveloped in the stillness of night.

Early on the ensuing morning, the steamer got free of the mud, by carrying out an anchor and hawser astern, and backing her paddles; and we returned to Lemlun, lying to at the further end of the town, near where the few last reed huts terminated in a grove of date-trees, and the canal, which passed from the river before the town, divided into several channels. The Khezails, who now grouped around us in crowds, attracted our whole attention. Their ill-concealed astonishment and laughing wonder were only exceeded by their restless maliciousness and daring cupidity. But they were the passions of savages—irregular, and with little purpose, and manifesting themselves in various ways. Some stood in groups laughing and jeering, pushing one another towards the ship, from which they were as speedily repelled by the sentinel on duty. Others exhibited their aquatic prowess by leaping into the water, when the cook threw over a refuse vegetable, which they devoured greedily. A bit of paper, accidentally blown overboard, caused a whole host to rush in after it, and they fought

eagerly for its possession. Others looked on in silence, with their brows deeply contracted, and with looks of infinite malignancy. They were balancing the means of offence and defence, brooding mischief, but undetermined how to proceed about it. Others, again, were prying into holes and corners, and laying plots, as we shall subsequently see, for future action. One thing above all others, however, attracted the greatest attention on their part. This was Mrs. Helfer, the young and fair lady of a German physician, who accompanied the expedition—the only lady we had on board, and an universal favourite. To avoid impertinent curiosity and to favour the European habit of moving about in freedom Mrs. H. had, as is frequently done in the East, adopted a Mamluke costume, but the quick-sighted semi-savages soon distinguished her from the rest of the company, and as she stood, with the officers, looking at and enjoying the turbulent proceedings of the crowd, it was quite evident, that on their part, the greater admiration which they are said, by many writers, to possess for their own colour, as more beautiful and characteristic than the white pallidity of the European, met here with a practical contradiction; and their regard, like their cupidity, was so great, and under so little restraint, as to be momentarily manifested by looks and actions which would admit of no misinterpretation.

In the course of the day, visits were made to the Sheik of Lemlun. He was dressed, as were also several of the nobles (proprietors) around him, in a long robe of dark green silk, relieved by white stripes. This was characteristic of their Persian origin and Shiite persuasion. The poorer class, when not nearly naked, were clad in robes of dark brown coarse stuff, with a girdle round the waist. Others wore a mashallah, or cloak, with broad white stripes, generally thrown so that one broad white band sheltered the right side, leaving the rest dark, and giving an aspect of uniformity to a group; but sometimes the stripe adorned the left side, while the right chest was left entirely bare. These details, of apparently trivial nature, served among themselves to distinguish families from one another.

The feelings of the Khezailees, in regard to their British visitors, continued so hostile all day, and their anxiety for mischief had been so clearly manifest to every one on board, that at night precautions were taken (the more especially as we lay close along shore,) to prevent robbery or sudden surprise, and a sentry was placed on shore, in addition to the usual one on the fore-deck. The weather was hot, and part of the crew, as well as many of the officers, slept on deck; among the latter were Dr. and Mrs. Helfer. Colonel Chesney and myself were the only two who went to our cabins, which were opposite to one another, in the after part of the ship, and contiguous to the main cabin, where the officers messes, and the library and chronometers were kept. Major Estcourt, as was frequently his custom, persevered, notwithstanding the unfavourable feeling exhibited towards us, in carrying the few matters which composed his bed on shore. He had not, however, been long asleep, before he was awoken by a tug, and on opening his eyes, found to his mortification that his silken coverlet had made its disappearance. He resigned himself to sleep, however, a second time, till he was again awoken by a tug at his pillow; this second pull he endeavoured to resent by hastily securing a pistol from beneath, for it was always customary on such occasions to sleep with loaded pistols beneath the pillow, but the Arab was too quick for him, and was in a moment lost in obscurity.

It appears that it was but a few minutes after this occurrence that a loud shriek from Mrs. Helfer awoke at once the whole ship's company. Colonel Chesney and myself jumped up at the same time, and met at the cabin doors, having each hastily seized our double-barrelled fowling pieces, which were hung loaded upon the cross beam above our couches. "What is the matter?" said the Colonel. "Somebody murdering Mrs. Helfer!" answered I, half awake, and with the memory of the day's proceedings faintly gleaming through my somnolence, and in less than a minute we were both on deck; but Estcourt wearied at the tugging at his bed, and at last conscious that no quiet was to be obtained on shore, had arisen after the last attempt, and taking the whole of his things under one arm, and a pistol in his hand, had proceeded to make good his retreat on board the steamer. At the very moment, when passing over the fore-deck, he had mounted the middle raised deck, which, for the convenience of engines, separated, in our steamer, the fore from the after-deck, he distinguished, but indistinctly in the dark, an Arab threading his way amid the crowd of sleepers, towards the openings in the bulwarks, which were near the tiller, and who, before making a flying descent into the river, appeared by a sudden dip and a clutch at the clothes of Mrs. Helfer, to have had some latent intention of carrying her also into the water with him. This was a very bold manoeuvre, if really intended, and some held the opinion that it was merely in making his escape that he accidentally got entangled in Mrs. H.'s clothing; but the previous unbounded admiration which the lady had excited, and the selection of her person from among others at this moment, appear to testify indubitably to the premeditation, although success certainly appears to have been scarcely contemplated, even by the bold and ingenious Arab himself, who had at the same time other objects in view, in which, indeed, he was more successful. As the Khezailees plunged into the water, Estcourt rushed forward and fired after him, others followed in the rear, but masked by the dark waters, and as practised in one element as in the other, his dive was so prolonged, that he was not, in the obscurity of the night, seen to rise again.

When we were sufficiently recovered from our surprise as to be able to examine coolly into occurrences, it was found that the Arab must have approached the ship by wading in the water, so as not to have been observed by the sentry on shore; he had then slunk along by the water line, under the bulging part of the vessel, so as to be inobservable from deck, and also further shielded by the paddle-boxes, till he reached the port-hole of the main cabin, into which he had introduced himself. Here he had endeavoured to take away one of the box chronometers, and had bent the hands upright, in converting them into a handle to draw the clock from its box, but being unsuccessful in this, he had appropriated to himself a watch belonging to Lieutenant Fitzjames, which unfortunately hung by the chronometers for comparison. He had then passed along the passage between Col. Chesney's and my cabin, had ascended the companion stairs, and gained the aft-deck, where he made his last strange and desperate attempt to convert poor Mrs. Helfer into a Khezail diver.

The noise that followed this bold and expert robbery of the steamer, effected by a single Arab had roused the whole town, as well as the ship's company, and we remained for the rest of the night in hostile array; the Arabs lit fires, danced around them, and sang their songs of triumph and chants of war and defiance, and we expected every moment to be attacked, a circumstance, which although there could have been little doubt as to the ultimate results, might still have had sad consequences, for while a few rockets would have fired the whole of their reed huts in a few moments, and set the town in a blaze, still at the same time, the spirit which the success of one had inspired them with, and their great superiority of numbers, might have entailed considerable loss of life on our side—but they thought better of the conflict, and did not venture upon it. It was in vain in the morning that we blustered and threatened, and demanded of the Sheik that the watch should be returned, or we would visit the

whole tribe with condign punishment. "Where am I to seek for it?" asked the wily chieftain, who, no doubt, by that time had it in his own possession; "surely if you, who are so well armed, cannot keep possession of your things how can I be expected to do so?" This was rather a hard hit, and alongside the ship, the bitter taunts and laughing and sneering were carried during the day to so unbearable an extent by the rabble, that our soldiers and sailors had great difficulty in keeping their tempers, and two of our officers took Mrs. Helfer a walk in the date-grove, as if to tempt the Arabs to a capture, and a few stragglers did follow, but they sneaked away among the trees, at a respectful distance. At length we quitted Lemlun without anything further remarkable occurring, and navigated successfully the Babylonian marshes, till the river resumed below its original magnitude and importance; and it was on issuing from these marshes, that the fight took place in the sacred grove.

This was not, however, destined to be the last we had to do with the Khezailees. On the re-ascent of the river by the steamer Euphrates, which was effected in the month of October of the same year (1836), and when the water was at the lowest, the difficulties of the navigation of the marshes became still more signal, and much delay and inconvenience was experienced from the narrowness of the stream and its short windings, which would not allow the steamer to get headway or to answer the helm, even when there was a sufficient depth of water; sometimes, in the narrowest parts, it was found necessary to unship the paddles, and warp the vessel up the stream, on which occasion we were assisted by our old friends, the Khezailees, who were employed in towing. On one of these occasions, they played a characteristic trick, for they would not work till they were paid—and so they one day took their pay and then disappeared, without working at all. At length, to our infinite mortification, the cross-head of one of the air-pumps of the engine was broken, in consequence of gravel, which got sucked in by the bottom of the pump, obstructing its working. We were thus obliged to making up our minds to retrace our steps to Basrah, to get it mended; but we had, at this time, a mail on board, and also two gentlemen, Messrs. Alexander and Stewart, passengers from Bombay. The commander determined, therefore, upon forwarding the mail in a native boat, under charge of Lieut. Fitzjames, accompanied by the interpreter, Sayid Ali, who were to make their way to Baghdad, and thence by camel to Beirut. The passengers proposed to accompany the mail. We were, at this time, but a short distance from Lemlun: and on their arrival there, the party were hospitably entertained by the Sheik; but the next day, they were surrounded by upwards of thirty armed men, and a regular pillage commenced in presence of the Sheik, who was performing his devotions at the time—no doubt, thanking his prophet for having placed these Kafirs at his disposal. The pillage was continued for two days; and at night, the party were guarded by armed men, who watched over them to prevent their escape. They had kept by their arms, which they refused to give up but with their lives, and the Arabs, thinking this was some kind of ecstasy or intoxication, did not dare to attempt taking them from them by violence. The mail, after being examined, was returned to the boxes, but from Messrs. Alexander and Stewart they obtained property, in money and jewels, worth some hundred pounds.

After this, the unfortunate travellers were removed to a hut, where only a little rice was given them for daily food, which especially to the Bombay merchants, who were accustomed to many luxuries, was very trying; their lives were also seriously threatened, and the debates upon the subject among the Arabs themselves were very fierce; but the consciousness that they had their arms, the apprehensions of retaliation, and the regard which they entertained for the holy character of the Sayid, or "descendant" of the prophet "Ali," but who, beyond his name, was as little devout a Mussulman as any renegade can be well supposed to be, preserved the balance in their favour. Finally, after being detained close prisoners for eight days, they were permitted to sell some clothes, in order to raise some money to hire a boat to Diwaniyeh, a town half way from Lemlun to Babylon. On arriving there they found the town beset by the Akra tribe of Arabs, and they were again detained for seven days, till they got off by stealth, in the darkness of night, and with a guard of armed men, and reached Babylon in three days, from whence they gained Baghdad. The Pasha of the city of the Khalifs was exceedingly irate and indignant on hearing of this wholesale appropriation, by the vassal Khezailees, of so much plunder. He even threatened an immediate boat-invasion of the marshes; but the infeasibility of this being known by long experience, and the safety and impunity enjoyed by the semi-aquatic tribe, from the peculiarity of their position and their easy flight, being universally admitted, this was given up, although there is every reason to believe that he would, by his threats, make the Sheik disgorge a portion of his ill-begotten wealth, and thus become a participator in profits.

THE FLOWER-STEALERS: A FACT.

By LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

FOLLOWING the gardener through some of the loveliest portions of his Grace's magnificent domain we all entered the conservatory.

The heat was oppressive. As we passed out of the fresh air, although the light breeze that crept about had just before appeared to serve no other purpose than that of blowing the sunshine into our eyes, the atmospheric change was strikingly perceptible. The uneasy sensation, however, was but momentary; for as soon as the rapid glance, startled and delighted, had taken in the full display of flower and leaf, every sense seemed to share the intoxication of the eye, and the rapt soul fed on a profusion of beauty.

There was the blush of the drooping-flowered fuchsia; the delicacy of the abundant azalea; the orchidea whose flowers are living butterflies, beautiful but motionless; the vivid yet soothing scarlet of the cactus; the more than alabaster of the camellia: the single stem of the rare liloeolum lanceatum; there moreover were rich varieties of ericas, each eclipsing the other in luxuriance and beauty; and countless rarities with long names and short lives, green and golden wonders, colours that made the rainbow tame, and yet were often less exquisitely lovely than the symmetry of their several parts, the strength and lightness of the stems whence they drew being, and the harmony of the general combination.

The collection so striking and superb in its general effect, was more enchanting in detail. We paused at every step; admiring in plants familiar to us, a perfection and maturity unknown to them elsewhere; and in others, which were newer to our eyes, a charm surpassing all. We became converts to the melancholy doctrine, that the loveliest things are after all the rarest. But there was no touch of melancholy in the feeling then. That keen preception of the beautiful was all joy.

The ladies, who were my companions, were gladdened beyond telling. Amongst their various tastes there was one—it was rather a passion—that made the whole five hearts beat as with a single pulse. One love united them all—gave the same lustre of earnestness and admiration to their eyes, the same flush of warmth and pleasure to their cheeks—it was the Love of Flowers!

Mrs. Gardener, had she been present, would have hugged them every one. I could have done it myself.

On they passed, slowly and inquiringly, but with quick sight and leaping hearts; their ribbons, their draperies, all but the cheeks before mentioned, and the lips that might be yet more lovingly alluded to, made pale by the hues which surrounded us.

The plants, in their utmost rarity and bloom, still seemed but worthy—only worthy—of their human admirers. My soul, moved by the association present ed to it, spake unto the blossoms in their many dyes, in their various qualities of brilliancy and meekness, and said,

"Oh, Flowers! your delicacy is not unmatched, while spirits, like the spirits of these fair beings, move amongst ye! And if ye are emblems of innocence—here, behold, is that innocence itself, arrayed like you in beauty!"

And I thought that I would send the sentiment thus expressed, as a pleasing novelty, to some tenderly conducted magazine.

While I was gently musing upon the elevating, the purifying influence which the love of floriculture exercises even over coarser minds, and, exulting in its exquisite workings upon the refined natures of my fair companions, I was stopped by a general exclamation of pleasure, suddenly elicited by the view of an unrivalled cluster of blossoms crowning many others, which rose or fell in infinite variety and with astonishing profusion. Why record the name of this plant!—even its colour, or the figure of its countless leaves?

As we stopped, the gardener who had left us to gather bouquets for the party, re-entered, and presenting each of us with some choice flowers, said,

"I would cut you some of these beautiful clusters, ladies" (turning to the one plant), "but they would die directly in the open air—you would not keep them ten minutes."

I felt half-angry with the goodnature of our attendant. Cut them! Those! The precious perishables! To doom their short lives to a yet shorter date—to destroy their consummate symmetry—seize their peerless beauty, and waste it on the desert air! The idea of it awoke terror. It seemed impiety. It was like shooting nightingales while in full song, or clipping the wings of humming-birds.

When he again quitted the conservatory, we pursued our tour of admiration, found numberless beauties we had missed, and presently returning, stood before the same specimen of floricultural perfection. And here the pen seems actually to burn between my fingers—my very fingers as they guide it bluish.

Whether it was that the idea of cuttings from its rich stem had been implanted in the minds of my innocent and gentle companions by him who had given breadth to it—or whether that spark of doubtful and conditional promise had fallen upon an inflammable train of wishes already existing in the mind, I know not; but their desires now appeared all to take the same direction—they grew ungovernable—they began to find expression, not in coveting look alone, but in broken words and half-repressed exclamations. United in one guileless and enthusiastic love before, they seemed united still—but it was in one wish—one fear—not a fear of sacrilege, but of detection.

Would that Mrs. Gardiner had been there!

Yes, a fear of humiliation and exposure!—not of profanation and theft, in plucking a forbidden treasure of unexampled delicacy, and trampling it in the dust.

Before we passed over the threshold of that conservatory, every one of the five ladies had snatched a slip—

As I stepped into the fresh air, the breeze was not in the least degree cooler to my cheek than the atmosphere within, but in one instant I felt my heart plunged into a cold-bath.

That thing of beauty is a pang for ever.

Oh! Ancient Mariner who shot the Albatross! young hearts that never throbbed on the far sea—spirits tender and weak, that would tremble even in the calm, and expire in the first breadth of tempest—may yet do as cruel and terrible things, calling them all the while the deeds of rapturous love!

Oh Bardolph! who, having stolen the lady's lute-case, carried it eleven miles and sold it for three-halfpence, a most judicious thief wert thou, compared with purloiners, whose fragrant prizes wither in the common air, and yield them nothing.

Oh, lady, whom the great prose-teacher of memorable lessons in our complex and erring humanity, has immortalized without naming—you, who, prompted by your religious love, stole Tillotson's sermons from your friend—look earthward wherever you are, and see what love of flowers will prompt its votaries to do!

Under what sacred robes do we play our tricks! What holy names we bestow upon our covetous desires! What theft and spoliation we commit in the temple of the purest affection, amidst the symbols and evidence of innocence! Let no one ever talk of the "sentiment of flowers," who has not within him the hallowed principle, which ever guards him from the temptation of stealing even the meanest, violating truth at her very altar, and uprooting the sheltering plant of confidence.

TRAITS OF SARACENIC CHIVALRY.

BY WILLIAM COOKE TAYLOR, L.L.D., OF TRIN. COL. DUBLIN.

A Chinese philosopher declares that the most bitter curse which could be pronounced on a man, a nation, or an institution is, "May you never have an enemy!" Unless energies are roused by active hostility, industry kept alive by emulation, and vigilance stimulated by the dread of danger, humanity is liable to exchange tranquillity for indolence, indolence for torpor, until the powers of exertion are utterly destroyed. When the fathers of the church obtained a legal constitution for Christianity at the Council of Nice, they commenced a new struggle for the total extirpation of Paganism; it was a task of danger and difficulty; paganism was interwoven with every political institution of imperial Rome so intimately and completely, that it could not be removed without a demolition and reconstruction of the entire social edifice. There were not in the western empire men possessing either the courage or the ability to undertake either task; the work of destruction devolved on the iron men of northern Europe and north-eastern Asia; the ancient empire of Rome, with all its institutions political and religious, was washed away by successive floods of barbarism, and Christianity was the only principle which emerged when the deluge of blood had subsided, after sweeping all before it from the Caspian to the Atlantic. In the eighth century Christianity stood alone, and it stood amidst ruins. A great task devolved upon the rulers of the Christian church, the re-construction of the social system from its lowest foundation to the topmost stone; to collect the elements of civilization which were scattered about without order or coherence, in fact, to organize society out of an intellectual chaos. For this great blessing men looked to the church; they could look to nothing else, for it was the only surviving institution; but the church was without a rival, its

leaders had no motive for exertion, and Christendom sunk into a state which may aptly be designated apathetic anarchy. This decay of energy extended from institutions to men; the Franks forgot their courage, the Goths unlearned heroism, and the Vandals slumbered away their existence.

At this crisis Christianity was blessed with a rival. A new religion was preached in the wilds of Arabia: its existence was first made known beyond the limits of the desert by letters which a camel-driver wrote to the two most powerful sovereigns in the world, commanding one to abandon the creed of Constantine, and the other that of Cyrus, preparatory to receiving the new code of laws which their unknown correspondent was prepared to dictate. It was, on the part of Mohammed, a formal challenge to all but the entire of mankind. It was the first announcement of the existence of chivalry, meaning thereby the union of a daring spirit of military adventure with the fiercest religious fanaticism; the prophet proclaimed, what we may be permitted to call a "Crescentade," feebly imitated by the crusades of later ages when the increasing advance of Islamism had at length succeeded in awakening the Christianity of western Europe from its lethargic slumbers.

In the character of the Saracenic Ghazi, as of the Christian knight-errant, the leading elements were, as he have said, the spirit of daring adventure, and a ferocious fanaticism; Mohammed founded the one and created the other. It was not until Europe appeared to be on the point of being trampled down under the hoofs of the Saracenic chivalry that Christendom was driven to create a rival order and oppose the cross-handled sword of the chevalier to the scimitar of the dreaded Saracen. The identity between the chivalry of Arabia and of Christendom appears equally in their history and in their romantic legends; both exhibit a passionate respect for the fair sex, a high sense of the point of honour, a thirst for revenge, and a pride in unbounded hospitality; the Saracenic and Christian adventurers are represented as valuing no earthly possessions but their steeds and their swords, as the self-constituted judges of wrongs and redressers of grievances, enjoying life only when in the saddle, and knowing no difference between inactivity and death. The history of such an institution as chivalry may be better learned from its fictions than from its facts; the former set forth the glorious ideal which it was the object of the institution to accomplish, the latter reveals nothing but the successive failures in its attainment. We grant that the romances of chivalry, whether eastern or western, are untrue; but it is undeniable that they produced the effect of truths, and nothing is worthless to the historian which exhibits motives influential on human conduct.

The principal chivalrous romances of Saracenic literature are the adventures of Antar and Hatim Tai, neither of which has been completely translated. Our illustrations are taken from the less known portions of both, and may claim the merit of novelty if they have no other. Antar is described as the son of a black concubine, destined by his father for no nobler occupation than the guardianship of flocks and herds, but the tribe of Banu-Abs, to which he belonged, was surrounded by enemies; in early youth he exhibited extraordinary prowess in defence of his charge; as he grew up he became the hero of his tribe, and triumphed over the inveterate prejudices which condemned him to a servile condition. He soon attained the rank of a noble, and notwithstanding the obstacles raised by a thousand enemies, envious of his glory, he married Abia, a young lady of illustrious birth, his paternal cousin, who had long been the object of his warmest affections. The odes which Antar addressed to Abia afford convincing proof that the knights-errant of Arabia were as devoted in their attachment to the ladies of their love as those of Christendom in a later age. We have translated one as a specimen:—

"How fraught with delight are the breezes that blow,
O'er Alam's* sweet bowers of balm,
When around me at morning they tranquilly flow,
And shed o'er my spirit a calm.

"In vain are the Absians harsh and unjust,†
In vain have they broken their faith,
In my zeal for their safety they still may place trust,
Love binds me to shield them till death.

"Were Abia away, I'd seek some distant land,
But her beauty detains me a slave,
No strength the bright glance of her eye can withstand;
It would raise up a corpse from the grave!

"The sun says to her as he sinks in the west,‡
'Light the world, dear, whilst I am away!'
The moon, when she sees her, with envy possess'd,
Withdraws from the sky its pale ray.

"The aspen and cypress display not such grace,
As they weave their light branches on high;
Such majesty none in the palm-trees can trace,
Though their summits be lost in the sky.

"A veil o'er her charms Abia modestly throws,
Concealing the brow arch'd and high;
The cheek, where eternally blushes the rose,
And the lightnings that flash from her eye.

"But still through the delicate covering steals,
Her breath that perfumes all the air;
The beautiful play of her limbs: it reveals
Their form so soft, rounded and fair,

O daughter of Malik,‡ may merciful heaven,
Send an ear to the tale of my woes,
The wounds with which absence my bosom has riv'd,
In thy presence only can close.

Art thou still in these tents? shall our union be found,
In Sherbe's bright valleys of bloom?
I feel that I quench, while I kiss the dear ground,
The flames that my bosom consume.

"I am Antar the Absian! shield of my race!
Death o'er me dominion may claim,
But ne'er shall oblivion the glories efface,
Which my deeds have procured for my name."

The adventure by which Antar won his sword gives a very interesting picture of the respect shown to ladies in the palmy days of Saracenic chivalry. While the hero, after returning from one of his expeditions, was feasting with Zeer,

* Abia resided in the village of Alam.

† The Absians, or tribe of Abs: its elders had decided, contrary to promise, that Antar was of too mean an origin to match with Abia.

‡ Malik was the father of Abia.

king of the district of Banu-Abs, a stranger suddenly presented himself and supplicated the aid of the monarch and his assembled warriors. He was recognized by Prince Malik as his foster-brother Hassan. The suppliant was the son of a king who had fallen in battle; while he was yet at the breast his mother was brought captive to the tribe of Abs, and entrusted with the charge of the infant Malik; the care she bestowed on the education of the prince was rewarded with freedom; she and her son were permitted to return home after Hassan and Malik had bound themselves together by a vow of brotherhood in arms. After some time Hassan fell in love with his cousin, the beautiful Nakhumê, he challenged to mortal combat all who dared to aspire to her hand, and overthrew so many that for a long time he appeared to be without a rival. As he did not possess sufficient wealth to pay the dowry which her father required for Nakhumê, he resolved to conquer it by his lance. He set out in quest of adventures and booty with a troop of chosen companions, and their errantry was crowned with success. During the absence of Hassan a perilous competitor demanded the hand of his mistress. This rival was "Asaf, chief of the tribe of Kahtan, remarkable for his gigantic size and voice of thunder; he had under his command a numerous army that soon exhausted the country in which it was encamped, and compelled him to seek new pastures. Whenever his approach to any district was known the inhabitants fled in every direction," and he was thus compelled to explore the surrounding countries to find out some spot where his appearance would be unexpected. In one of these expeditions he missed his way and came unexpectedly on the encampment of the tribe of Mozen, to which Hassan and his mistress belonged. "Whilst he was admiring its rich pastures he saw a number of young girls bathing in a lake, amongst whom was Nakhumê. She was freely sporting with her companions; she came out of the lake with more majesty and glory than the brilliant star of night breaking through a cloud." Asaf fell desperately in love; he hastened home and employed an old woman of his tribe to discover the name and family of the object of his passion. Before she had obtained this information Hassan returned home with the stipulated dowry; the old woman, therefore, when she returned to Asaf, brought him the intelligence that though Nakhumê was not married, she was on the point of being united to her cousin. Asaf immediately sent to demand the hand of the princess, offering to pay whatever dowry might be required, and threatening, in case of a refusal, "that he would become master of her person by force, treat her as a slave, and annihilate the tribe of Mazen, sparing not the infant at the breast, widows, or orphans."

Nujum, the father of the lady, replied that his daughter was already betrothed to Hassan, and that he dared not break his plighted pledge. At the same time to show his contempt for the menaces of Asaf, he ordered preparations to be made for celebrating the marriage. Before they were completed intelligence arrived that Asaf at the head of an immense army, was advancing to fulfil his threat; the elders of Mazen insisted that Nujum should give up his daughter to save the tribe; it was with difficulty that Hassan obtained a delay of ten days while he sought assistance from the tribe of Abs. Notwithstanding the bond of union between Hassan and Prince Malik, assistance would have been refused had it not been known that Hassan was the husband of Nakhumê's choice; the chivalrous desire to save the lady from being forced to wed against her inclinations was the great cause of the eagerness with which all present volunteered their services. On the road Antar gained possession of a wondrous sword, by means to which we shall again have occasion to refer. Hassan and his friends reached Mazen just as Asaf had forced an entrance into the encampment and was beginning to deal slaughter round. Antar burst through the crowd of foes "with the impetuosity of the northern blast;" Asaf fell beneath his sword, and Nakhumê rescued at the very crisis of danger was restored to her chosen husband.

Innumerable anecdotes may be related of the inveterate death-feuds between tribes and individuals. Their strength may be inferred from the following superstition which forms an article of faith in the creed of every Bedouin. When a man perishes by violent death, his spirit forthwith animates the body of a bird, which perpetually haunts his relatives, persecuting them at bed and board, continually screaming, *Oscuni, Oscuni*, that is, "give me to drink," and never ceases this ominous sound until its thirst is appeased by a draught of the murderer's blood. It is curious that a superstition of a similar kind is found in that part of Sicily which was longest subject to Saracenic sway. An Italian traveller declares that he visited a castle in the island where he was hospitably entertained for several days; he observed that at every meal one seat was reserved empty, but a cover was laid before it as for some expected guest. He inquired the reason from the son of his host, who had travelled into other lands, and was therefore more likely to be communicative to strangers; the young man replied, "An old and barbarous notion still prevails amongst us, that the spirits of those who have fallen victims to treachery can never enjoy peace, if their death be not avenged with blood, alas! often with torrents of blood. My brother was murdered and not having obtained this inhuman satisfaction, is believed to be destitute in his sepulchre of a bed to rest on when weary; of food to refresh him when tormented with hunger; therefore are his room and bed kept constantly ready for his accommodation, and his usual seat is invariably reserved for him at table."

Hospitality and generosity were deemed by the Arabians virtues paramount to all others, and in all their romances the hero is represented distributing boundless wealth with a lavish hand. The character given of Hatim Tai embodies all the virtues that the sons of the desert wish to see combined in a chief. "Hatim was liberal, wise, brave, and generous; when he fought he conquered; when he plundered he carried off; when he was asked he gave; when he shot the arrow he hit the mark; and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated." His fame for liberality spread all over the East. "The sovereign of Damascus," says one of the legends, "resolved to try its extent; he sent to ask of him twenty camels with red hair and black eyes—a species of camel very rare, and consequently of great value. By offering to pay a double price Hatim collected a hundred such camels, and sent them to Damascus; the monarch not to be outdone in generosity sent them back laden with the richest treasures, but Hatim, without a moment's hesitation, ordered the animals with their precious loads to be distributed to those from whom they were originally purchased." Shortly afterwards the Emperor of Constantinople wished to make the same experiment; he sent an ambassador to demand from Hatim a valuable steed to which he was much attached. The officer arrived late at night, was hospitably entertained, and in the morning stated the object of his mission. "It is too late," replied Hatim, "all my flocks and herds are at a distant pasture, and having nothing else wherewith to entertain you, I ordered that steed to be slain for your supper." The reputation of Hatim gave great offence to Naman, King of Yemen, who commissioned one of his courtiers to assassinate him! In obedience to the royal commands the emissary sought the Arabian tents; on his road he met a man of dignified aspect, who invited him to share his hospitality. After a splendid repast the courtier rose to depart, and in reply to the pressing invitation of his host stated the dangerous task which he had undertaken. To

his great astonishment, the host throwing open his vest, exclaimed, "Strike boldly, I am Hatim, and strike at once that you may have time to escape the vengeance of my friends." These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier; he fell at the feet of Hatim, and solicited his forgiveness, after which he returned to Yemen.

A story still more romantic is told in another legend. One day Hatim went to the desert where on a sudden a lion met him, he said in his heart—"If I attack this lion with my weapon,—it will be remote from humanity, and if I smite him not the lion will devour me; perhaps by the divine favour I will soothe the lion's heart."* In mild language he addressed the lion saying, "Creature of God, if thou hungerest for my flesh it is at thy service, and if thy longing be for flesh wherewith to fill thy belly, here is my horse, eat and appease thy hunger; but if thou hast a wish for my own flesh, for the sake of God I will give it thee; devour me and be not sad-hearted." At these mild expressions the lion crouched, and Hatim removed his armour from his person, and took down the saddle from his horse, and with clasped hands came before the lion, and said, "Of the two whichsoever be thy choice, eat and be not sad in heart." At these words the lion lowered his head and fell at the feet of Hatim, and began to wipe his eyes against them. Hatim said, "Creature of God, far be it from Hatim that thou shouldst depart hungry, for God the Supreme has created the horse for the benefit of his creatures, therefore eat; and if thou hast a desire for my own flesh, as a divine duty, I will bestow it on thee, but go not away hungry and distressed in heart. Of my own free will I give myself up, and if thou eat me not thou wilt distress me." The lion, deeply affected, laid his head in the dust and then departed to his haunt.

It is said that Hatim had a large store-house having seventy doors, at each of which he used to bestow alms upon the poor. After his death his brother Cherbeka, who succeeded him, wished to imitate his great example, but his mother dissuaded him from the attempt, saying, "My son, it is not in thy nature." He would not attend to her advice, upon which she one day, having disguised herself as a mendicant, came to one of the doors where her son relieved her, she went to another door and was a second time relieved; she then went to a third, when her son exclaimed—

"I have given thee twice already, yet thou importunest me again."

"Did I not tell thee, my son," said the mother discovering herself, "that thou couldst not equal the liberality of thy brother! I tried him as I have tried thee, and he relieved me at each of the seventy doors without asking me a question. But I knew thy nature and his; when I suckled thee and one nipple was in thy mouth, thou always heldest thy hand upon the other, lest any one should seize it; but thy brother Hatim the contrary."

In her concluding phrase the old lady alludes to the legend that Hatim was so generous even in infancy as to refuse to be suckled unless others shared the milk with him.

"He never used to cry," says the legend, "nor suck milk alone, nor listlessly indulge in sleep. After he had been weaned and began to live on ordinary food if at any time he was taken out and saw a poor person, he used to make signs with his hands, imploring his attendants to give him alms."

Ingenuity and subtilty of spirit are more marked traits of Saracenic than of feudal chivalry; habits of keen observation were formed in the trackless desert, where the difficulty of discovering his course is not less to the traveller than to the early navigators of the ocean. The Indians of North America were trained to similar acuteness by the difficulty of discovering the proper path in their dense forests, and the Icelandic sagas dwell at great length on the skill with which the sea-kings discovered the proximity of the land for which they steered by the faintest indications in the sky, the sea, or the breeze. Voltaire's *Zadig* is based on the old legends of Arab ingenuity: we shall select one of the original stories which he has grievously mutilated. Three Arabian brothers who were travelling for their improvement were met by a camel-driver, who asked them if they had seen his beast, which had unfortunately gone astray. "Did not your camel want an eye?" asked the first of the brothers. "Had he not lost a front tooth?" was the query of the second. "Was not he lame?" interrogated the third. The camel-driver answered all these questions in the affirmative, and naturally supposing that they must have seen the beast, asked them to tell him where it was. The brothers replied, "Pursue the road on which we are travelling." After sometime they said to him, "He is laden with corn;" again they said, "He had a pannier of honey on one side, and of oil on the other." The owner of the camel convinced by the accuracy of their description that they had seen the beast, reiterated his request that they would show him where the camel was; but when they averred that they had never seen the beast, and had heard of it only from himself, he regarded them as robbers, and brought them before the judge. The brothers were thrown into prison, but their rank being subsequently recognised, they were liberated and sent to the royal palace. After the monarch had entertained them hospitably he asked, "How were ye able to describe with such precision a camel which you had never seen?" They replied, "We saw his track, and observed that the grass was cropped only on one side, whence we conjectured that he wanted an eye; we remarked in the grass cropped the trace of his wanting a tooth; and from the impression of his feet, one appeared to have been dragged, whence we conjectured that he was lame. The same impression showed that he was heavily laden; and as the forefeet had sunk deeper than those behind we guessed that the load was grain, which is usually placed on the camel's neck; seeing ants in clusters on one side of the road, we knew that drops of oil had fallen there; while swarms of flies on the other side showed honey to have been scattered in that direction."

The horse is generally renowned as the knight in all chivalric romances, but among the Arabs the love for their noble breed of horses amounted to a passion. Even at the present day a true Bedouin cherishes his steed with tenderness and affection of which Europeans cannot form any adequate notion. Well, indeed, do the noble horses of Arabia deserve this fostering care; they are generally of a delicate make, but able to support the fatigue of very long journeys; well proportioned with little ears, and a short tail. They are rarely vicious, indeed they are for the most part tended by women and children, and wander quietly over the plain, mixed with other cattle; the Arab horsemen have such confidence in their steeds that they often ride them without saddle or bridle but a halter. It is a common proverb, "Cherish the steed that has the breast of a lion and rump of a wolf." Great attention is paid to the genealogy of the different race, and certificates of their blood and antiquity are common. We insert one of these certificates of modern date, as a matter of curiosity—

"In the name of God the most merciful, from whom alone we expect aid and succour. The prophet says—My people shall never join to affirm a lie."

"The following is the object of this authentic document:—We undersigned attest, certify, and declare, swearing by our fate, our fortune, and our girdles, that the bay mare having a white star in her forehead, and white fetlocks on the off side, is of a noble birth for three generations on both sides. Her dam was of

* According to the legend, Hatim knew the languages of all animals, and conversed with them wherever he went.

the Seglaman and her sire of the Eliseban blood: she unites all the qualities of those mares, of which the prophet (on whom be the peace and mercy of God!) says, their beast are treasures and their backs seats of honour.

"Supported by the testimony of our predecessors, we attest on our fate and fortunes, that the mare in question is of noble descent, that she is as pure as milk, renowned for swiftness and speed, able to bear thirst, and accustomed to the fatigue of long journeys. In witness whereof, we have delivered the present certificate, after what we have seen and known ourselves, God is the best of witnesses.

"Signed and sealed," &c.

Antar's steed, Abjar, is scarcely less celebrated than his master; the appearance of the horse is thus described by Asmai. "When Antar had driven away the cattle (acquired in a marauding expedition), and had proceeded some distance on his road home, a knight suddenly rushed out from a ravine in the rocks, mounted on a dark-coloured colt, beautiful and compact, and it was of a race much prized among the Arabs; his hoofs were as flat as the beaten coin; when he neighed, he seemed as if about to speak, and his ears were like quills; his sire was Wasil, and his dam Hemana." Antar chased the knight who possessed this steed, Harith, the son of Obad, and overtook him after a long and fatiguing pursuit. Asmai's account of the interview which is singularly marked by a high sense of knightly courtesy, and a remarkable attachment to the safety of a gallant steed, and a noble reverence for the laws of hospitality. We quote from Mr. Hamilton's translation:—

"O young man," said Harith, "what do you want? I see you are a valiant knight." Will you sell me this horse you are riding?" asked Antar, "or will you give it to me if you are the owner of it?" "By heavens, young man," said Harith, smiling, "had you accosted me thus at first, I would have given him to you, with some camels also, and you need not have acted thus; but, Arab, did you ever see any one surrender his horse and his armour in a plain like this, alone and a stranger? and particularly a horse like this whose lineage is as well known as that of the noblest warriors, for should his master be in difficulties, he will liberate him; he moves and flies without wings, and if you have not heard of his fame, I will tell you: he is called Abjar, whom Chosroe* and the Grecian emperors, and the princes of the tribe of Asfar have been anxious to possess. I was angry with my own people and repaired to this noble tribe.† I ate with them and remained with them a long time. It costs me much to part with this horse, but my heart is attached to this tribe, and is greatly distressed about them. I am no coward in the assault of heroes; but I was afraid that this horse might receive a blow that would injure him, and therefore, only followed you, in order to draw off your attention till the men of the tribe might overtake you in pursuit over the hills and wilds, and that I might point out to them your course, for you have invaded a tribe where there are only women, and but a few men, unable to encounter so fierce a foe; and I do not perceive a single feeling heart among you all."

"Harith having ceased speaking, Antar said, 'I wish you would sell me this horse; demand what you please from me and I will be the purchaser of it.' 'O young man,' said Harith, 'if you are indeed desirous of a horse that is in this age quite invaluable, I will not sell it but in restitution of all this booty; and then do not imagine you will lose by your bargain. I swear by the God who knows all secrets, I do not avoid fighting you from the fear of death, for I am a warrior and can defend myself; but I feared this horse would be injured. If you, young man, wish to strike a bargain, and act like a man of honour, as I am a guest of this tribe, and have eaten with them, my wish is to ransom their property with this horse; and had it not been for this misfortune, I never would have parted with such an animal.'"

Antar gave all his plunder in exchange for this noble steed, which thenceforth became the faithful companion of his brilliant career. Soon after he witnessed an encounter between two brothers, who fought for the inheritance of the celebrated sword Damé, (the blood-drinker,) which their father had manufactured out of meteoric iron; Antar obtained possession of the weapon, which in his hands became not less renowned than the Excalibur of King Arthur.

The age of Antar, Hatim Tai, and the other heroes of the chivalrous romance of the Saracens, immediately preceded the coming of Mohammed; one of Antar's favourite companions became a follower of the prophet, and Hatim Tai's daughter, by a generous heroism worthy of her race, saved her tribe from the fury of Mohammed's soldiers. Hatim's tribe rejected Islamism; the prophet led an army against them, and having gained a complete victory, ordered that all the captives, with the exception of the daughter of Hatim, should be put to the sword. The noble lady, seeing the executioners ready to begin the work of massacre, threw herself at the feet of the prophet, and said, "take back your unwelcome boon; to survive my fellow-citizens, would be to me a fate infinitely worse than that with which they are menaced; spare them, or include me in their condemnation." Mohammed was so affected by this devotedness that he revoked his sentence and pardoned the entire tribe.

The change which Mohammed wrought in Saracenic chivalry was not so much the introduction of the religious element, as the giving of that element a prominence and intensity which over-shadowed all the rest; yet in the great body of the traditions preserved in the Mishcat, we find that the prophet was not insensible to the influence of romantic appeals to the knight-errantry of the Saracens; but the great change which Mohammed effected in the chivalrous sentiments of the Arabs, was that he taught them not merely to despise death in the field of battle, but to desire it as the greatest of blessings. High as are the praises bestowed on martyrdom in the Koran, they fall very short of the eulogies given to such a death in the Mishcat al Masabih, or great collection of traditions. We may remark incidentally, that without studying this collection which unfortunately is placed beyond the reach of English readers, it is impossible to form any adequate notion of the genius of the Mohammedan religion.

Mohammed anticipated the Roman pontiffs in promising complete forgiveness of their sins to all who fell in the Holy Wars. Ebn Ayid Kais gave as a tradition—"The prophet came out to the bier of a nobleman to recite prayers over the deceased; when the body was set down before him, Omar (afterwards kaliph) said—do not say prayers over him, O messenger of God, for he was a wicked man!—Then his highness looked towards the people and said—did any one of you ever see him employed in a work of Islam? A man said, yes; I did, O messenger of God! he kept watch one night on the road of God. Then the prophet said prayers over him and threw dust on him, and said to the corpse, your friends imagine you are in hell; but I bear witness that you are one of the people of Paradise. And he said to Omar, you will not be asked about men's actions, but of their services to the religion of Islam." To this Ebn Amir added "I heard the prophet say, verily, God forgives three persons their sins, and brings them into paradise on account of one arrow: the first, the maker of the arrow if he designs it for the holy war; the second, the shooter of it in the

* It should rather be Khosrau, the same as Cyrus, a name assumed by the Persian princes of the Sasanid dynasty, who claimed to be descended from Cyrus the Great.
† That which Antar had just plundered.

cause of God; the third, the person who gives the arrow into the hands of the archer."

While the prophet animated the Saracens by promises of glory and eternal felicity, he sedulously denounced all meaner motives, declaring that those who engaged in war for the sake of pay or plunder, should have no other reward. His regulations for the distribution of the booty, which his followers might acquire, are highly chivalrous in their character; the slayer of an infidel was declared to be entitled to his horse, his armour, and all the property he carried about his person; but all the rest of the plunder was thrown into common stock for private distribution, and those who concealed any portion of it were deemed guilty of the sin of Achan.

Abu Horeira said, "a man sent a present of a slave, whose name was Midam, to the prophet, and whilst Midam was unsaddling the prophet's horse, an arrow struck him from an unknown hand and killed him on the spot. Then the people said—be witnesses, and welcome Midam into Paradise. But the prophet answered—it is not so; I swear by God, that the carpet which Midam secreted out of the plunder of Khaiber, before the legal division of the spoil, will strike a flame of hell upon him. When the people heard what the prophet said they were frightened, and whosoever had plundered any thing, although it was the merest trifle, immediately produced it. Then a man brought one or two thongs to the prophet who said, verily, even those thongs would have been a cause of hell-fire." Abdallah Ebn-Amir said, "there was a man who took care of the baggage and clothes of his highness; he died, and the prophet said, he is in the fire." Then people went to look for his things, and among them they found a carpet which he had pilloined from some undivided plunder."

We must not omit the Koran in the list of the causes which kindled the enthusiasm of the early Saracens. The Mussulmans of every age have regarded this work as an unrivalled prodigy, and are wonderfully affected by the measured march of its sentences, the harmony and variety of its metrical cadences, and the irregular recurrence of its single and double rhymes.

It must be remembered, that we do not possess the Koran as it was originally delivered by Mohammed. All his pretended revelations were brought forward to meet some particular exigency, and he never had leisure to collect them and digest them into a consistent code. After his death, all his revelations were collected by command of Abu Bekr, and put together without any regard to order or consistency. A collection of the fabulous Sibylline leaves arranged at hazard, by a person who could not read; the leaves of all the books in a library jumbled together, would scarcely exhibit a more anomalous compound than the Koran in its present state; but in the early days of Islam the most stirring chants of the Koran continued to be recited as independent compositions, to stimulate at once the courage and the fanaticism of the Saracenic chivalry.

The doctrine of predestination was sedulously inculcated by Mohammed, and had no little influence in producing that contempt for danger and indifference to odds, which distinguished the Saracens and the Turks in the earlier part of their career. We find the doctrine thus broadly stated in the Orthodox Confession of Faith, universally received by Sunnis and Shiaks:—

"Faith in the decree of God, is, that we believe in the heart, and confess with the tongue, that God the Most Highest, has decreed all things, and the modes of their occurrence; so that nothing can happen in this world, with respect to the conditions or operations of affairs, whether for good or evil—obedience or disobedience—faith or infidelity—health or illness—riches or poverty—life or death; which is not contained in the decree of God, and in his judgment, ordinance and will. But God has thus decreed virtue, obedience, and faith, that he may so ordain and will them to be subservient to his direction, pleasure, and command. On the contrary, he has decreed vice, disobedience and infidelity, and still ordains, wills, and decrees them; but without his salutary direction, good pleasure or command, nay, rather by his temptation, wrath and prohibitions. But whoever will say that God is not delighted with virtue and faith, and is not wroth with vice and infidelity, or that God has decreed good and evil with equal complacency, is an infidel. For God wills good, that he may take pleasure in it; and evil, that it may become the object of his rightful indignation."

The traditions collected on this subject in the Mishcat are numerous and precise. One of them is so singular that it deserves to be inserted. Abu Horeira* reported, "the prophet of God said that Adam and Moses (in the world of spirits) maintained a debate before God, and Adam got the better of Moses, who said—Thou art that Adam whom God created by the power of his hand, and breathed into thee from his own spirit, and made the angels bow before thee, and gave thee an habitation in his own Paradise; after which thou threwst man upon the earth, from the fault which thou didst commit. Adam said—Thou art that Moses whom God selected for his prophecy, and to converse with, and he gave thee twelve tables in which are explained every thing; and God made thee his confidant and the bearer of his secrets—how long then was the Bible written before I was created? Moses said—forty years. Then replied Adam—didst thou see in the Bible that Adam disobeyed God? He said, yes. Whereupon Adam rebuked him, saying—dost thou reproach me with a matter which God wrote in the Bible forty years before creating me?" Abu Horeira further said, "the prophet of God came out of his house when we were debating Fate; and he was angry, and became red in the face to such a degree, that you would say the seeds of a pomegranate had been bruised upon it. And he said—hath God ordered you to discuss the awful subject of Fate, or was I sent for this? Your fathers were destroyed for debating about Fate and Destiny; I adjure you not to argue on these points."

Fully agreeing with the Rev. Dr. Miller, whose lectures on history have not yet attained the fame to which they are entitled, and which they will most assuredly win, that the moral government of Providence is not less discernible in the history of mankind, than in the moral government of the universe, we may be permitted to regard the wondrous development of Saracenic energies in the earlier part of the middle ages, as the providential remedy for the intellectual torpidity and the social anarchy into which Christendom had fallen. The lance of the Moslem gave a means of depletion not less remedial than the lancet of the physician; had less blood been drawn away, the lethargic patient might have slumbered into death. The Saracenic conquest of Spain brought the great rival system of a new civilization within the original limits of Christian Europe; its progress could only be arrested by awakening energies similar to its own; the tide of invasion having once swelled over the Pyrenees, might have rolled to the limits of all the European seas, had not feudal knights encountered Saracenic horsemen and the cross-mustered chivalry, to meet that of the crescent. In Spain Christian chivalry had its cradle, and Saracenic chivalry found its grave. The infancy of the former was unfairly matched against the manly prime of the latter; but on the other hand, Christian chivalry was in the summit of its vigour, when that of the Saracens had sunk into senility and decrepitude.

* This name signifies "the father of cats;" the worthy patriarch received it on account of his partiality for these animals.

tude. We have to seek for the history of both in legend and romance, and we are cheered to the task by a consciousness, that the greatness of the pleasure attending the investigations, will amply compensate for the meagreness of the results.

For the Anglo American.

THE POET'S ATTENDANT.

In truth there is a being bright
Attends the Poet on his way;
And the sweet gleams of summer light,
Which thro' her wanton tresses play,
And rest upon the forehead fair,
Proclaim her Fancy's child of air!

She has a magic form of grace,
A tender, gentle, airy form;
There is a sweetness on her face,
Like blue skies with no clouds of storm;
Her cheek is like a snow-wreath pale,
With rose leaves blushing thro' its veil.

She has a dark and speaking eye,
With sheltering fringes partly hid—
Which, like a star upon the sky,
Gleams from beneath the snowy lid;
She has a gentle look of love,
Which draws the soul to things above.

She twines about her little hands
The deep brown ringlets of her hair—
While loosened from their golden bands,
They float upon the evening air;
And smiles that from her lips arise,
Are sparkling in her lovely eyes.

She liveth in the poet's heart,
In all her beauty and her bloom;
And should he with her image part,
His sun would rise and set in gloom;
She is a world of pure delight,
Forever in the Poet's sight!

C.S.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

Baffled in his many attempts at becoming part proprietor in the Bath property, Elliston had, however attained a joint management in a London establishment—namely, that of Haymarket Theatre—and in March, he took leave of his old friends by a benefit, which was rendered not a little remarkable by a speech from the *beneficiare* and a "row" in a playhouse.

It had been publicly announced, that on the occasion of this benefit, "the pit would be thrown into boxes," and "the gallery admission be raised to pit prices;" an expedient not without precedent, but a usage highly indecorous, and which, in more recent times, has been very properly discontinued. Favoured and caressed as Elliston had even been by the Bath public, this experiment did not pass without much invective and some opposition; for no sooner did the curtain rise for the play, than there was a rising also amongst the spectators, which threatened, for a time, serious consequences. "Throwing the pit into boxes" had very nearly produced throwing the boxes into the pit; for some of the most irritated of the party were actually about demolishing the furniture, and the extra tax which had been extorted by the gallery Commissioners seemed to indicate as awful a result as the impost of "ship-money" itself, or any similar act of tyrannous "benevolence." Elliston, however, "made a speech—which many might have envied, and none but George Robins excelled—by which he presently won all hearts to his own service, and peace was restored without one sixpence returned. The play was the "Beaux Stratagem." Elliston, of course, sustaining *Archer*, which he did with great vivacity and effect.

Before leaving Bath, Elliston received fresh intelligence from Colman.

"I have engaged," says he, "a Mr. Kelly, and my covenants are by no means so agreeable as I could have wished. As those whom heaven has joined, no man is to put asunder, I am compelled to take him—wife and baggage. The lady's tongue is of that fathom, that on opening her mouth on my stage, it will unavoidably reach the faces of the upper gallery. It bears with it, likewise, a lazy lisp, which could not fail teaching our audience the "whole art of" hissing, did they require to be reminded of such accomplishments. Plain she is, at all times; but in speaking, she chews the cud, and is rather fitted for a museum than a playhouse. It is Plutarch, I believe, who tells us that *Minerva* threw away her flute on perceiving the grimaces she made in the surface of a river. She was a sensible woman;—I would to Heaven Mrs. Kelly would throw me over too.

"I have also engaged a Mr. Hatton—a three-pounder, and a very useful man; for he can cram a hundred lengths into his head with the facility of a land-surveyor's reel-measure. I hope to greet you in town on the 24th. Come to Waldron's at two o'clock, and I will read to you the *Prelude*; I will then give you some clue to my *castellum*, where George Colman is to be found by his friends—a place," as Mrs. Milwood declares, "by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy may search in vain to find an entrance." Weighty Lady Buckinghamshire* has just written to me for a stagebox, on our opening—for her, unquestionably, an opening. And now, success attend us! Haymarket against Newmarket!"

Early in May, Elliston started for London, but the journey itself was a little interrupted by the coach breaking down within two miles of Devizes. Unfortunately, it rained hard at the moment—a pelting torrent—so that the inside passengers being prevented walking onwards, the coach was propped up, and the good people compelled to remain stationary, whilst the guard rode on with a pair of horses, for the purpose of bringing back some vehicle for conveying the party into the town.

This incident, which at any other time, had afforded our friend a step only to further adventure, was now a great annoyance, as he had appointed to meet Colman, at a certain hour, in London; however, he made the best of it, con-

verting his own mortification into a source of amusement for others—particularly with one old lady, who declared "it was as good as a play to hear him." He talked, as usual, of Ben Jonson and Moses, Julius Cæsar and Lord George Gordon—so that however gloomy the prospect might have been without, all was cheerful and sunny within. After waiting in this situation for above an hour, the fresh carriage arrived, which proved to be no other than a black mourning-coach, followed by a hearse, intended as a conveyance for the luggage. Here new difficulties arose, some of the party refusing to enter so mortally grave a vehicle—difficulties which were but little removed by the many things Elliston had to say about Colonel Despard, who had just been hanged, and poor Colonel Montgomery, who had just been murdered. But at length, in they crept, and we verily believe many a funeral party had been far more light-hearted than some of the present company—particularly a certain quack doctor, who had now completely lost his courage, and whose physiognomy underwent as sudden a change as that of some of our merry friends after being about fifteen minutes at sea!

A mourning coach conveying passengers, habited in all the colours of a harlequin himself in the midst; and a hearse following, containing, amongst other things, the wardrobe of a travelling comedian, with the nostrums of "Dr. Infalible," to boot—must have been a strange sight to the "upturned, wondering eyes, of the townspeople of Devizes. The cavalcade, however, without further impediment, reached the inn, when it was ascertained, that at least two hours must elapse before a proper vehicle could be got in readiness for the travellers to proceed.

Part of the meantime Elliston occupied by perambulating the town, and entering a stationer's shop for the purchase of some article, his attention was irresistibly arrested by the fair *boutiquière* who attended him. She was habited in half-mourning, and followed from the back parlour to the counter, by a little prattling infant, evidently her own darling. Her manner was reserved, having that air of gravity, the result rather of affliction than the indication of natural disposition.

Elliston regarded her with the curiosity of half-awakened recollection, and protracting his stay under some trifling pretence, endeavoured to solve his perplexity. The truth presently flashed on him, and he exclaimed, "Alice! Alice!—is it indeed you! Do you not remember me!"

A slight, instantaneous suffusion, passed over her as he uttered these words, and raising her eyes, which spoke too evidently of sorrow, replied, with a faint, nervous smile—"Oh, yes! you are—"

"Is it really my young, kind friend, Alice, whom I see!" interrupted Elliston—"who was so good to me at Newbury, eleven years ago, when, melancholy myself, I—"

Here, the tears of poor Alice began to flow so copiously, that Elliston knew not, for a moment, whether to proceed; but seeing clearly he had broached some spring of bitterness, he at once frankly sought the history of her distress, and all that had passed since their first meeting.

The following may be considered, in substance, the narrative collected by the disjointed account she now gave him:—

Alice, for a fleeting season, a happy wife, was now, at twenty-seven years, a broken-hearted widow! She had married, about six years since, a lieutenant in the navy—the noblest and the kindest of men, and so handsome that he was quite a prodigy!—for such were her own words. Their means were but slender, but they enjoyed that felicity which gives to days the rapidity of moments, and to moments the value of ages. Their first blow was the death of her own father; a calamity not lessened by the discovery that he had left his family in poor circumstances, which Alice lamented far more on her mother's account than her own, for blest with the wealth of her husband's love, she could not believe that want could assume any other shape in this world than wanting that. The expedition against Copenhagen, not long after, called the young sailor suddenly to his "first love"—namely, his country—of whom, though Alice had often nobly expressed she should never feel one jealous pang, yet, when the moment of divorcement actually had arrived, her conduct was so totally unlike that Spartan magnanimity which her school-days had taught her to admire, that we fear she would sadly discredit such glowing tradition, were we to represent the pitiful object of despair she exhibited at his farewell.

Having joined the naval armament in the Yarmouth Roads, under Sir Hyde Parker, the lieutenant felt no longer "a divided duty." "Love, honour, and obey," was now his country's; and he was quickly called on to prove his allegiance in the memorable day of the Danish siege. The result is well recorded. "We fought and conquered!"—The glorious upshot was the immediate theme of the young sailor's communication to the sleepless solitude of her, who was at that moment praying for his safety. "Victory!" was the only word he announced—for victory was perhaps the only sentiment the mind had, just then, room for. A second letter, not long after the former, reached her. Its tone was less of havoc, much more of affection; indeed, during the whole two pages there was not a single man-of-war in commission. The lieutenant, in fact, spoke ardently of return, and anticipated in colours, more glowing than those of England's flag, the ecstasy of meeting.

The day mentioned in the letter had arrived. Alice, attired in the very dress her husband had chosen for her as his parting present, and with a countenance beaming in more than hope—confidence—at soon beholding him, caressed her infant by a thousand kisses, on the sweetest holiday she had ever known.

The hour arrived—had passed—but he—he came not. The coach, mentioned as his conveyance, had already rolled through Maidstone, (the town near which she then resided,) yet brought not her husband. "He is detained," cried she, "to-morrow I shall see him—to-morrow, which shall gild my days to come by its blessed remembrance. Spite of all, Alice was that night depressed, but, like the nure-tree of Deccan, her heart exulted in its new existence on the morrow. She rehearsed again his favourite song, that she might be the more perfect in its performance (as she said,) but it was, in fact, to divert her musings. Again, the coach—again, on this second day—threaded the town, yet no form of him whose spirit was the locked-up hostage in her heart. She would not be alarmed—she was actually frightened at alarm—framing in her hurried fancy new excuses for his stay, the probability of which she would not trust herself to examine. "Oh, no, I am not alarmed," cried she, directing her unsteady gaze towards her infant, "I will just try that song once more;" and try it indeed she did, for at the second note she uttered, a torrent of tears burst on the attempt, which defied all power or artifice to control. Abruptly—almost involuntarily—she rose up, and approaching the window beheld a gentleman, a friend of her husband, resident at Maidstone, already at her gate. She flew to receive him.

"He has written to you!" cried Alice, inquiringly. "You have intelligence of him? Why is he not with you?" Her visitor's manner, rather than his silence, plainly indicated evil. "Tell me," she almost shrieked "tell me why I do not see my husband?"

The event may be recorded in a few words. The visitor in question had hus-

* "This celebrated comedy was begun, finished, and acted, in the space of six weeks; but too late, with all that haste, for the advantage of the author. On the third night which was for his benefit, Farquhar died of a broken heart."—GALT'S LIVES.

† Lady Buckinghamshire, when Mrs. Hobart, was celebrated in the Duke of Richmond's private theatrics. She played the Widow Belmore, in "The Way to Keep Him," and Mrs. Damer sustained the part of Mrs. Louemore. These ladies often appeared together with great eclat. Lady B.'s Mrs. Oakley was thought even to resemble that of Mrs. Pritchard.

manely undertaken this mission for the purpose of breaking an intelligence to her, which the public journals had already announced.

The lieutenant, it appears, had quitted his ship, and had gone on board a cutter on some pressing duty. One of those hurricanes, so frequently fatal on the eastern coast of England, drove the vessel ashore, and before assistance could be procured, the greater part of the crew were lost, amongst them the husband of poor Alice. The state of anguish into which she was thrown by this announcement may possibly be conceived,—mental stupor, which, after a certain time, was awakened to the agonizing sense of sudden widowhood.

"Woes cluster—rare are solitary woes." The marriage of Alice having always been a distempered subject to her husband's relatives, her present distresses found but little favour with the lieutenant's two sisters, who now induced their mother to treat Alice with such positive inhumanity, that in a short time she was given to understand as she had chosen to force herself into their family, they did not feel themselves called on to extend their assistance, and as their feelings had already been so deeply wounded by the death of their brother, they were totally incapable of entering into other people's distresses.

Collecting, therefore, her effects, Alice removed, with her child, under her own mother's roof on the borders of Somersetshire; and having been informed of an opportunity for investing her crumbs of fortune, in the town of Devizes, to "unprecedented advantage," and being desirous of relieving her mother from the additional burden of herself and child, she hastily closed with the offer presented to her, and purchasing the stock and good will of her present shop, at the round sum the outgoing tenant had fixed on it, "to save," as he pleasantly said, "unnecessary trouble to either party," she entered on the estate of her promised Golconda, and, like the milk maid in the fable, began to calculate her gains in a provision for almost the only thing she had now left to love, on earth—namely, her infant.

It turned out, however, poor Alice had been woefully taken in. She had paid, at least, twice as much for the stock as it was worth; and as to the "good will," it appeared that the business had been parted with by the late pleasant retailer, owing to a London trader being about to open a shop on a considerable scale, at Devizes, in precisely the same line of business, which at the time of Elliston's visit, had actually taken place, having secured pretty nearly the whole custom of the town and its vicinity.

Such were the events under which Elliston's recognition of the benevolent Alice took place—an occurrence, by no means calculated to render his journey so light-hearted an undertaking as it promised to be in the commencement.

An instance of *accidental recognition* occurred in North Britain in the year 1793, which was extremely curious, and under far happier circumstances than the one appertaining to our immediate history. Mrs. Cross, of Covent Garden Theatre, was, in this year, acting in Glasgow, and on one occasion the Provost being present, the lady had no sooner made her appearance on the stage, than the agitated functionary exclaimed—"Stop—stop the play! I would speak with that woman!" Great was the consternation throughout the auditory at this highly dramatic *emette*, and the curtain being immediately lowered, the perturbed Provost made his way, at once, into the actress's dressing-room. After a few hurried words, he discovered her to be his own wife, from whom he had been separated for nearly twenty years. Each had supposed the other dead!—a *coup de théâtre*, which would have turned the brain of Congreve himself. The magistrate, hereupon, bore off the lady, arm in arm, to his own house, and the next evening she took her place in front of the theatre, amongst the patronesses of art, where she was quite as much a heroine as when sustaining the woes of *Calista* herself.

THE SELF-PLAYING ORGAN.

[In the little village of Wheatham, not a hundred miles from the British Metropolis, is an imitation priory, inhabited by a *novus homo* called Gamaliel Cribbs, Esq., member of the Common Council of the city of London, and a pseudo great man in a village community. Mr. Gamaliel Cribbs was so unfortunate as to be unable to prosecute anybody for breaking his fences, trespassing on his grounds, or committing any of those rural offences which would bring a poor devil before the sessions, and make a little great man a little more distinguished for zeal in upholding the laws of his country. Everybody kept clear of his precincts, and he had not even the power to prosecute a vagrant.

In the parish church was a venerable but worn out organ, the organist of which was venerable and worn out also; the duties, however, were latterly performed by his grandson Alfred Blowpipe, a very good young man, who was attached to a good pretty girl of the village, named Mary Gray. The good vicar projected to obtain a subscription for a new organ, at which Alfred was to be installed organist, and support his grandfather; and, of course, was to marry Mary. Mr. Gamaliel Cribbs, however, determined to show his influence in the parish, contrived to get the vote made for a "Self-acting" organ, and even gave £50 towards the purchase; by which poor Blowpipe's vocation was to be null, and the vicar should be taught who was master at Wheatham. The organ was set up in the church, and now for the sequel.]

Throughout the ensuing week, Wheatham was in ecstasies of gratitude towards the judicious munificence of the Priory; and Gamaliel Cribbs progressed from house to house, (that is, to every house saving the vicarage,) reaping a harvest of thanks and praise. Had the little town been a great borough, and its representation vacant, Gamaliel would, unquestionably, have been its man. Everybody was avowedly longing for Sunday. Everybody, while applauding the far-sighted wisdom which had saved a sum of sixty pounds per annum to the parish, expressed a degree of musical enthusiasm in favour of the self-playing organ, which they would never have expressed in favour of the finest instrument turned out by Flight and Robson, and played by human hands.—Such is the envious jealousy of our nature!—There was no reserve to their enthusiasm in honour of a mere piece of mechanism!—For even the London master of the ceremonies had returned to the place from whence he came; the organ being fixed and paid for;—the organ, with its twenty-four psalms and anthems, to which the parish of Wheatham was to listen in content and quietness for the remainder of its days.

Tears were in the eyes of Mary Gray as she took her place in her pew, and knew that the young voices of her mother's scholars were to be no longer attuned by the masterly aid of her future husband. She was careful never once to glance towards the organ in the course of the service. She could not have borne to behold Jones, the sexton, attired in his Sunday-clothes, in the place of her beloved Alfred!

The first psalm was sung;—and no one present could believe that the youthful voices by which the new organ was accompanied, were the same which had

appeared to utter "harsh discords and displeasing sharps," when united with the mumbling, broken-down bellows of preceding Sundays; nor, to their shame be it spoken, could Alfred or Mary sufficiently restrict their attention to the Communion Service that ensued, to avoid perceiving that the Cribbs family had drawn aside the crimson curtains of their pew, to expose themselves to the approving and grateful glances of the congregation;—nay, that, during the performance of the anthem, Gamaliel had uplifted himself upon his hassock, the better to enjoy the sense of his growing popularity. Poor Mary prayed heartily to be delivered from temptation,—even the temptation of loving her neighbour less than herself, or, rather, less than Alfred, whom she loved as herself.

The second psalm commenced,—"four verses of the morning hymn" being duly announced by the clerk, and duly taken up by the children, much to the approbation of all present. As usual, in the course of the third verse, Dr. Monson, attired in his gown, ascended the pulpit, where, in the solemn duties of the moment, he lost all thought of factious parishioners or harmonious organs;—and at the concluding line of the last verse opened his sermon, and awaited only the reclosing of the psalm-books of his flock, to commence his solemn adjuration.

But though the psalm-books closed as he expected, the strain of the organ did not!—Another verse, to which, of course, there was no vocal accompaniment, succeeded, after the congregation had reseated itself.

"A little over-zeal on the part of poor Jones!"—thought the vicar. "Before next Sunday, I will warn him to cease with the singing."

And once more, at the conclusion of the verse, he prepared himself to resume his duty. But, alas! the organ chose to resume also,—once, twice, and again; till, after it had performed no less than four gratuitous verses, the vicar beckoned to his clerk, desiring him to inform Jones that he had given them more than enough.

A few minutes afterwards, a message to Dr. Monson from his agonized delegate, apprized the poor vicar that the organ had got the best of it; that, owing to the mismanagement of the inexperienced sexton, the stops were embarrassed; and that there was no putting an end to the performance, till the unruly instrument had gone through its twelve repetitions of the hymn!

Inexpressibly vexed, (for the congregation was a more numerous one, and collected from greater distances, than it had ever been his fortune to behold within those walls,) Dr. Monson sat down and resigned himself.

But, though the gravity of his functions prevented his entering into the ludicrous side of the question, all present were not equally forbearing. At every renewal of the hymn, slight titterings were heard, and the vicar was beginning to count with anxious feelings the repetitions of the performance, when lo! just as, at the close of the twelfth verse, he began to breathe more freely and find himself once more at ease in his own pulpit, where his mind had never known disturbance before, the concluding semibreve of the rebellious organ had scarcely exhausted its swelling breath, when a new strain commenced,—the EVENING HYMN!—

Twelve verses of the evening hymn!—This time, the giggling of the juvenile portions of the population of Wheatham proved past all power of suppression; and though two naughty boys, whose merriment had burst into a guffaw, were thrust out of the porch by the beadle, with threatenings of a whipping on the morrow, the tittering of the charity school was as though a thousand swallows' nests were rearing their young in the roof.

The case was now imminent. Dr. Monson, inexpressibly anxious lest the awkwardness of such a catastrophe should desecrate the sacred spot he had so long preserved in odour of sanctity, despatched a message to Alfred Blowpipe, requesting him to lend his immediate aid in remedying the difficulty. But alas! the report of the ex-organist was fully as discouraging as that of the clerk. The handle of the stop-bolt had been wrested off by the untutored hand of Jones, the sexton; and there was no possibility of silencing the organ, till it had gone through its *twelve times twenty-four*!—a performance which, on a moderate calculation, would last till dark!

One only remedy suggested itself. A slip of paper, forwarded by the dismayed Gamaliel Cribbs, reminded the vicar that, the four sturdy carpenters being present by whom the organ had been placed in the loft, nothing would be easier than for them to remove it, and carry it forth into the churchyard, till the conclusion of divine service!

After a moment's deliberation, the vicar, in the interests of his sermon, thought fit to comply; and by a group of stalwart Wheathamites, vying in proportions with Irish chairmen, was the hapless gift of the discomfited Gamaliel removed from its high estate, and carried out of church, like a crying child;—more than one grave old farmer finding it necessary to conceal his laughter behind his straw-hat during the operation, and more than one youngster exploding into ungovernable merriment. Mary Gray alone, with downcast eyes, and the corners of her mouth quivering between mirth and tears of joy, sat thanking Providence for the unlooked-for mischance.

No sooner was the gravity of the congregation decently restored, than the distressed vicar gave out his text. But even now, all was not as it should be. The churchyard was a small one; and from beneath the spreading yew at its extremest verge, under which the loquacious organ had been placed for shelter, it was heard at intervals babbling on, like Demosthenes declaiming in solitary eloquence on the sea shore. After every full stop of the sermon, as the voice of the vicar paused, that of the persevering organ became audible at a distance. And again the titterings were renewed, and again the preacher became perplexed, till he found it best to come to an abrupt conclusion, and dismiss his flock, as he had already dismissed the refractory instrument.

THE ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

BY MISS SKELTON.

It was a dreary morning in November; the rich banker, Mr. Brandon, was seated in his private room, busily engaged in writing; he was interrupted by the entrance of a clerk, announcing that a lady, who desired to see him for a short time alone, was waiting at the door of the banking-house; she had arrived in a hackney-coach, and had sent in a message to this effect, not wishing to alight until assured that Mr. Brandon was disengaged and willing to receive her.

The clerk delivered his message; Mr. Brandon looked both puzzled and annoyed, but gave orders that the lady should be admitted.

Mr. Brandon was about sixty years of age; he had commenced life as the junior clerk of the establishment; he had risen by gradual and regular rotation to the dignity of senior partner; in person, he was commonplace, not to say vulgar, about the middle height, stout, and clumsily made, his features large and prominent, his face red, his eyes round, blue, and unmeaning, his thin locks plentifully sprinkled with grey, his manner was precise and formal, his dress plain and old-fashioned.

He placed a chair for the reception of his visitor; and seating himself gravely in another beside the fire, folded his hands before him, and awaited her ap-

pearance. The door opened to admit her; she entered; it closed behind her; she advanced into the room, and the banker started from his seat.

She was young and beautiful, tall, magnificently formed, with a face whose beauty of feature was its least charm, so intellectual was the expression, so sparkling with the light of genius, so beaming with the fire of an unquenchable energy.

Her dress was plain, and evidently selected with a view to economy, but tasteful and elegant. There was in her whole style and manner, that decision and confidence which is the result of high fashion, and that ease which intercourse with the world alone can give. The banker sprang forwards to meet her; he took her hand affectionately.—"Madeline," he said, "you have returned at last! How glad I am to see you again! I thought you dead, or lost,—lost to me for ever. Where have you spent the interval since we met? Why have you hidden yourself from me? Oh, Madeline! I have suffered much for you!"

"Do not call me Madeline; I am no longer Madeline Vernon; I am——"

"Married! Madeline! Say not so. Married!" and the banker actually gasped with excitement.

"No—no!" said the lady, smiling; "but am no more known by that name; and those with whom I reside, call me Mary Clinton."

Mr. Brandon remained silent; she spoke again.

"I could not continue dependent on you,—I could not live on your bounty; I resolved to find subsistence for myself, or perish. I have had many struggles,—I have suffered much,—but I have succeeded; and I seek you again, to thank you for your past kindness—to entreat your continued friendship. I am happy; at least, I am content. I have obtained a situation as a governess; I reside in an obscure and gloomy part of the city; but the family I serve is opulent. My salary is a liberal one; and if I have no pleasures, at least I have few annoyances, and no insults!"

She spoke quickly, and with an effort, and she ceased abruptly.

"Oh! Madeline! is *this* a life for you?"

"I have no choice," she answered; "I must submit to my fate."

"You have a choice. I have offered you all I have to offer. I renew my proposals—be my wife."

"No, Mr. Brandon! I thank you—from my heart, I thank you!—but it cannot be. Pity me not—I am happy!"

"Happy! Madeline Vernon, do you remember what you have been?"

"Yes, I remember—I remember!"

"And I, too, remember!" (And the banker, rising, paced the room with hurried steps.) "I remember *all*—I can tell you *all*! I can recall those times when, among the proud, your father was the proudest; when, among the gay and lovely, you were the gayest—the most beautiful! I can go farther back, and I can see your mother—you are her image, Madeline!—*she* whom, as a dream, was ever present to my sight—*she* whom, as a dream, I worshipped! Well, she married. She chose your father—the gallant, the admired Henry Vernon—and they were happy. Then I can recall your birth—you, their only child!—and from the first, I loved you—I loved you for *her* sake! I can recall their rapid rise from affluence to the possession of enormous wealth—their luxury! Then she died.

"A few years pass away, and you take her place. You appear, the mistress of matchless charms—the heiress of untold riches. Who so admired? so courted? How often have I watched you, when you saw me not! In the Park, at the Opera, who so gallantly attended?—who greeted with so deep a homage as Madeline Vernon, the only daughter of the wealthy banker—the proclaimed heiress of the 'Merchant Prince'? Your suitors, also, were they not numberless! What was not offered to your acceptance!—what did you not reject!—Rank, title, station—personal qualifications that might mate with such as yours—four times equal to your own. Ah! what might you not have been!—ah! what are you now?"

"Well, the sequel—the sequel. Ah, now you weep! Your father, he becomes a bankrupt—worse, worse—a *dishonoured* bankrupt! But one way lies before him—but one path, dark and gloomy; on that he enters—by that he escapes *all*—shame, insult, contumely! He dies! I will not dwell upon his death of horror; but you were left—*young, beautiful, alone*. Young, beautiful, alone, and *poor*, my child, what snares were around thee! Then I came—I, your dead mother's humble lover!—I, your dead father's early friend!—I, your own most passionate adorer! I rescued you from want—from insult—from despair—and I dared to speak of love! I was, I fear, too hasty, too inconsiderate in my proposals;—my love was despised—rejected! You left me. But, Madeline, your suitors, where were they? The gay train of knights, vowed to your service—the proud young nobles, who laid their pride and their nobility at your feet—where were they? They fled at the first shadow of misfortune, or those who remained stayed but to wound with expressions of contemptuous pity, or insult with baser proposals. They fled, and you were desolate. Was no one faithful?"

"Yes, *one*!" murmured Madeline, as she hid her face in her hands—"one!"

"And that one, Madeline, do you still hope and live for *him*?—do you still love each other?"

"Yes! yes!" said Madeline, rising, with sudden energy—"we still love each other,—we still love each other,—we *hope* still! I will not desert him! He clung to me through *all*—I will cling to him, and we shall yet be happy!"

"Madeline," exclaimed the banker, and he knelt before her—"accept me! I offer you a station equal to the one you have lost—wealth above your wildest dreams, luxuries beyond your utmost wishes. I will raise you above the proudest of your late admirers—the parasites, the fawners, the faithless ones of former days. You shall set your foot upon their necks. Gold, diamonds, equipages—these will not bribe you. I offer you power—independence—the power of doing good—the independence of all obligation. Oh, think before you again reject! Your lover, too—I saw him but lately—he is ill. I marked his slight figure, his thin, flushed cheek—I heard his frequent cough. He is working hard—he denies himself many comforts, that he may save money to free you from bondage. He will *not* live! Labour, and scanty clothing, and poor diet, will do their work sooner or later: you will lose him! I offer you his health—his happiness. I will pour gold upon him; and with gold, ease and comfort. If you will be mine, Madeline, I will settle upon him sums that shall lift him at once to affluence. Madeline! you will not *now* refuse?"

She answered mournfully and slowly—"No, Mr. Brandon, it cannot be; I never will desert him! Oh! believe me, I feel grateful—he, too, shall thank you;—but ask not, I beseech you—ask me not to deny myself the sweet privilege of struggling for and with him, through the thick darkness of the present hour, into the light beyond. We are young and hopeful, and we shall yet be happy. Yes, we shall be happy! Oh! my friend, our love is our *all*—ask us not to renounce it!"

Mr. Brandon rose from his knees, and seated himself at his desk: there was a long pause. At last he spoke, but in altered tones

"Tell me, Miss Vernon, your lover's present plans. It may be in my power to aid him."

"It is his intention to procure a situation as clerk, which he has had promised to him upon the payment of a sum of money, provided he can raise it in a certain space of time, during which, the place will be kept open for him, our object is to accumulate this sum; to do this we are straining every nerve, and I trust we shall succeed."

After her long pause, and the banker raised the lid of his desk, he touched a secret spring, and a drawer flew open; he took from it a roll of paper, and with a grave and solemn air, handed it to Madeline.

"Madeline! are you too proud to accept from one who loves you but too well, the gift of a *thousand pounds*?"

She started from her seat.

"Do not speak hastily, Madeline; false pride is no virtue. I know not the exact sum required, but this trifle will go far towards the attainment of the object you have in view. Take it—go!—and unless again thou comest in distress, come to me no more; but if thou needest a friend, I am here—I am *here*!"

Madeline was awed, and pleased, and pained; she could but weep her thank. He took her arm, and drew it within his own, and led her through the banking-house, and handed her, sobbing, into the miserable hackney-coach awaiting her. He stood, half unconsciously, at the door, watching its progress down the street, till at the corner it stopped, to take up a tall and elegant looking young man, who awaited its arrival; shivering in the chilly air, he recognised the favoured lover, and heaving a sigh, withdrew into his apartment. There, he resumed his seat at the desk, and opened his private account book. "Ah!" he said, "I have no command over myself when that girl comes. I could make myself a beggar to see her look happy. But she will come no more!"—and again he sighed heavily. "Three thousand pounds, too! What a large sum! Under what head can I enter it? Under that of *charity*? Yes! *charity*? And so he did enter it. And there it stands, an almost solitary item.

THE LAST OF THE SYBILS.

The most renowned fortune teller of modern days, Mademoiselle Lenormand, died in Paris on the 25th June. From a sketch of her life, which we find in the New York "Courier des Etats Unis," we translate the following particulars:

The reputation of this modern sybil had sustained itself triumphantly through a space of fifty years, in the midst of revolutions and vicissitudes of all kinds, coming off victoriously in all trials, and defying all doubts, scepticism, contempt, railery, and menaces. The first specimen of her art was at seven years of age, when a scholar in the Convent of the Benedictines, in predicting the displacing of the Superior of the Convent. She was punished for her boldness, but her prediction was soon verified. She then announced the name, age, titles, and other particulars of her who was to succeed to the office. There were several candidates, and the choice did not take place till six months after, but all the predictions of the young prophetess were fulfilled.

Her future career was decided by this success, and on leaving the Convent, she regularly assumed the profession of a Pythoness, for which the pregnant times were highly favorable. Her first clients were principally courtiers and members of the world of fashion, but her fame soon brought her more important visitors.

One evening, three men presented themselves, and smilingly asked for a revelation of their destinies. Examining the lines of their hands, she started back with marks of horror.

"Speak without fear," said the youngest; "whatever may be your decree, we can hear it without quailing."

With much emotion and hesitation, after repeated urgings, she spoke, but her boding words were received with bursts of laughter, which were not even silenced by the menace of a tragic end.

"The oracle is certainly mistaken," said they on leaving "if the revolution is to devour us, we will all perish on the same day, and at the same hour and place."

"Certainly," replied one; "and this woman knows not what she says, in predicting that I shall fall before you two, and that high honors shall be paid to my remains, while your last moments shall be accompanied by the insults of the people."

Robespierre, Marat, and St. Just then repaired to the committee of public safety, and Lenormand was for the time forgotten. The death of Marat, shortly after, realized the first portion of the prediction.

St. Just and Robespierre, on a second visit to the sybil, found her on her guard, and she endeavoured to soften the effect of her former words. Through some imprudence afterwards, however, her prophetic order threw her into that prison, from which at that time the only exit was to the scaffold. The fall of Robespierre saved her from that fate.

Returned to her post, she received the visit of a young woman, veiled and clad in mourning, with marks of grief on her countenance.

"Your grief is genuine," said the sybil, "but you should have been prepared for the blow which has struck you; it was necessary to the realization of a fate which has already been predicted to you."

"What! do you know?"—exclaimed the young widow, throwing aside her veil.

"I know that a high destiny has been predicted to you."

"And this prediction—"

"Will be accomplished."

The oracle imagination of Josephine Beauharnais was highly excited by these two promises, at twenty years interval, of a future crown. The Parisian sybil had confirmed the decree of the sorceress of Martinique.

This event drew to Mlle. Lenormand the attention of Mlle. Tallien, Mme. Racamier, and the other intellectual ladies of the Directory, who were then creating a new era in the salons of the Luxembourg.

But the prediction seemed about to be nullified. The widow of the Vicomte de Beauharnais was to marry a young soldier of fortune.

"It is a poor match" said her friends; "you are about to do a foolish act, which you will one day repent."

"It is true, that in marrying, I abdicate," thought she. The dream of ambition had been abandoned for the impulses of the heart.

Before the marriage, she resolved once more, in company with her intended, to visit the sybil, who, consulting the cards, announced that no change had taken place in her destiny; and then taking Napoleon's hand, who had come there careless and incredulous, she gazed at it with emotion, and tracing its

lines, spoke of his secret designs, his warlike projects, and the future successes of his arms.

Bonaparte listened with astonishment. "I shall endeavour to realize your predictions," said he on leaving.

"And I," said Josephine, leaning with pride on his arm, "feel no longer any doubt of the brilliant destiny which is reserved for me."

The accomplishment of these predictions increased still more the popularity of Mlle. Lenormand.

One day the Empress Josephine entered the Emperor's room in tears.

"I know the project you are preparing: I am to be sacrificed for reasons of state. The act of divorce is already drawn."

She was right; but whence came her information?

"I will discover the author of this treason," said the Emperor; "and whoever he may be, he shall meet his punishment."

"She who announced my elevation, has predicted my fall. Mlle. Lenormand is my informant."

Within an hour after this scene, the sybil was before the Minister of Police, Fouché.

Announcing to her, that she was about to be sent to prison, where she would probably remain for a long time, Mlle. Lenormand (turning over her cards which she had brought with her), replied:

"Who knows! here is a jack of clubs, who will release me much sooner than you think."

"Indeed! the jack of clubs will have that honour?"

"Yes, for he is the Duke de Rovigo, your successor."

The fall of the Empire re-established Mlle. Lenormand in her popularity. She had been persecuted for predicting the Restoration; the Emperor Alexander had honoured her by a consultation; nothing was wanting to her fame; and she thenceforward continued peaceably and profitably her profession, with a success and popularity which never abated till her last moments.

Her residence for the last forty years was at No. 5 Rue de Tournon; and over the door was the sign, "Mlle. Lenormand, libraire."—She disdained all the usual apparatus of magicians; the interior of her apartment was arranged as a simple parlor, with a set of shelves containing a number of cabalistic works. She herself, of late years, was a short fat woman, of a ruddy complexion; wearing a large light wig, surmounted by a voluminous semi-oriental turban; the rest of her costume being of the simplest description.

Her investigations were of different kinds, varying in price from four to six hundred francs.

She would take the left hand of her visitor, and ask, "What is your age? Which is your favourite flower? To what animal have you the greatest repugnance?"

These questions were put in a monotonous, nasal tone, and to each answer she would respond, "Very good," continuing to shuffle her cards, and presenting them to the visitor with a request to cut them with the left hand. Then dealing them on the table, one by one, she would run on with her prophecies, with a volubility which it was almost difficult to follow, and which seemed like reading from a book or repeating a studied lesson. In this flood of apparently unmeaning words, one would be suddenly struck with a luminous trait.

She excelled particularly in depicting the character, inclinations, and tastes of her visitors; it was not the physiognomy which guided her, for she scarcely looked them in the face; all her science lay in the various combinations of her cards, which rarely deceived her. She never failed to tell many truths respecting the past, and the most of those who have consulted her, declare that her predictions were almost invariably realized.

Among the most illustrious of her clients, may be enumerated Barras, Talien, David the painter, Prince Talleyrand, Garat the singer, Talma, General Moreau, Denon, and the Duke de Berry. Many foreigners of distinction held correspondence with her, and nearly all the ladies of the Parisian fashionable world have consulted her.

If she has left any memoirs, preserved all the letters which have been written to her, and registered the names of all those who have had recourse to her art, her papers will be worth much more than the five hundred thousand francs, which it is said compose her fortune.

Mlle. Lenormand will never be replaced. It will be in vain for vulgar pretenders to aspire to fill her throne. The faith is extinct; the last sybil is no more; the tripod is overthrown, the cards are in confusion. The kingdom of the future is without a sovereign.

THE DEBT OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A LETTER FROM MR. BIDDLE.

ANDALUSIA, July 20, 1843.

To the Editor of the Enquirer.—I have, as you know, postponed the discussion of the Pennsylvania Debt, whilst there was a project of exchanging some part of it for the public works. That, however, has failed, and as the last Legislature not only made no provision for paying the interest, which is thus added to the principal, but in fact repealed, by not continuing one half of the existing taxes—it is clear that our affairs have grown worse. The delay moreover has produced its natural effect by rendering the creditor more embittered, the debtor more indifferent—while in that mood, a few quiet but very plain words may not be useless to either.

The most remarkable part then, of this jarring between England and Pennsylvania, is its extreme absurdity.

Here are two nations in the worst possible humor with each other, ready, with only a little more provocation, to go to war; and yet, neither party has the least idea of the nature of that quarrel, nor of his own rights and duties. The English on their part assert that they have bought the public Stocks issued by several States, which do not pay the interest, and especially the Stocks of Pennsylvania.—Whereupon, believing themselves without redress, they are naturally vexed, and confounding as angry people are prone to do, the innocent and the guilty, they denounce the United States for violating their engagements, which they ascribe to their Democratic institutions. On the other hand, Pennsylvania, thinking that, as a sovereign State, she has the monarchical privilege of not being obliged to pay her debts, and chafed by the abuse lavished upon her, is in no haste to do her duty, although she thinks she will certainly do it hereafter. Both parties, therefore, are in a false position—and it is high time that they should understand their true relation to each other. Now, the debtor and the creditor will perhaps be equally surprised to know

1st. That by the Constitution of the United States, there is created a tribunal wholly independent of the States, to decide all questions between Pennsylvanians and any other foreign State.

2d. That before that tribunal, judgment can be obtained for every dollar of principal and interest of these Pennsylvania bonds, and that all the property of the State can be seized and sold to satisfy that judgment, just as if it belonged to the humblest citizen: and

3d. That all the other twenty-five States are bound to carry into execution—by arms, if necessary—the judgment of that tribunal against Pennsylvania.

All this a few words will make manifest.

After the war of Independence, the States, relieved from the pressure of foreign enemies, very soon outgrew the feeble restraint of the confederation.—The State Legislatures became the real sovereigns, that is, the real tyrants of the country—and their misconduct must have been intolerable indeed when it could extort from Mr. Jefferson himself, the great champion of the States, expressions like those, in his letter to Mr. Monroe—"It will be said there is no money in the Treasury. There never will be money in the Treasury until the Confederacy shows its teeth.—The States must see the rod—perhaps it must be felt by some one of them." Accordingly the great object of the present Constitution was to create a government able to maintain itself without the aid of the State Legislature, and to correct the abuses which those State Legislatures had committed.—Thus the State Legislatures had delayed the country with paper money. The Constitution declared, that "no State should emit bills of credit." They had then forced the people to receive these bills in payment. The Constitution declared that "no State should make any thing but gold and silver a legal tender in payment of debt."—The State Legislatures had forfeited the estates of political enemies, made crimes of acts not before illegal, and passed laws violating the engagements of individuals. The Constitution declared that no State should "pass any bill of attainder, ex post facto law—or law impairing the obligation of contracts." Finally, when they contracted debts, and the suffering creditor ventured to ask for justice, he was repulsed by the insolent pretension that the State was a sovereign, and could not be sued. The Constitution took this power of judging in their own case, out of the hands of the States, and deposited it beyond their reach, in the Courts of the United States.

And in this way, organising the Judiciary of the new Government, they declared that the "Judicial power of the United States shall,"—among other things—"extend to controversies to which the United States shall be a party—to controversies between two or more States—between a State and citizens of another State—between citizens of different States—between citizens of the same State, claiming grants under different States, and between a State or the citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens or subjects." This enabled any private citizen of one State, to sue the Government of another State, and any private foreigner to sue the Government of any State. Accordingly, in 1793 a citizen of South Carolina sued the Government of Georgia, and the Supreme Court of the United States decided in his favour.

This new and unexpected attack wounded the pride of the States, who now saw that they might be brought into Court by any private citizen, under any frivolous pretence, and they therefore obtained an amendment to the Constitution, declaring that "the Judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law of equity, commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or citizens or subjects of any foreign State." This concession was all that would be yielded to the mortified feelings of the State—that it should not be sued by every private citizen—but it left totally untouched the provision that a State might always be carried into the Courts of the Union by the United States—by any sister State, or any foreign State. "The inhibition," says Chancellor Kent, on his Commentaries, "applies only to citizens or subjects—and does not extend to suits by a State or by foreign States or powers. They retain the capacity to sue a State as it was originally granted by the Constitution, and the Supreme Court has original jurisdiction, in the case of suits by a foreign State, against one of the members of the Union."

Here then are three distinct classes of political persons capable of suing Pennsylvania. The United States—and sister State—and any foreign State who have a "controversy" with Pennsylvania. That controversy is easily made. Thus:

1. The Government of the United States in buying lands from the Indians, very humanely invested a large part of the purchase money in funds, from which they expected to derive annual dividends, and under a special Act of congress directing the investment to be made in State stocks, about four millions and a half of dollars were thus invested. In the list of Pennsylvania stockholders published in 1842, is this item: "Secretary of War of the United States, for sundry Indian tribes, \$100,000." Of these four and a half millions, about three millions pay no interest, and as the United States must, of course, continue to pay the Indian annuities, it is in their power at any time, by suing out the bonds in the Supreme Court, to compel the payment of them.

2. The sister States may become possessors of these bonds—by purchasing as the United States did—by taking them in payment of debts—by taking them in payment of lands—by taking them as securities from their Banks, as New York has already done with more than three millions of State stocks.

3. But the most dangerous plaintiff will be the "Foreign State." There are more than forty recognised foreign powers with whom the United States have political and commercial relations. There are at least twenty more as independent powers. There are thus upwards of sixty foreign States quite as sovereign as Pennsylvania is, and many of them more sovereign, because they have no government above them, and capable of going into the Supreme Court of the United States to sue her. Unfortunately, many of these foreign States think that Pennsylvania has defrauded their subjects; that after borrowing money by pledging the honour of the State, she has spent it in works of which she is enjoying the benefit, and will pay neither the principal nor the interest. They know that last year the addition of a tax of one per cent. on the assessed value of the property of the State—a single hundred thousand pounds—would have paid the interest—but even that small tax was not laid.

There is therefore abroad an extremely bitter feeling against Pennsylvania—and these foreign States will scarcely be able to withstand the clamours of their subjects to seek redress for their wrongs. That redress is equally easy and pacific. More than half a century ago, Pennsylvania, in entering the Union, made it a fundamental condition, that if ever she had a controversy with a foreign State it should be settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, by whose decision she solemnly promised to abide. Her pride would have suffered by being sued by a private subject—but with the State to which she belongs, with a State as sovereign as herself, her dignity will admit a controversy, so that although the subject cannot sue, his sovereign can sue for him. Whether in order to make the required "controversy," it is sufficient that the foreign State take up the cause of its subject, and sue in its name for his benefit, without an actual ownership, is a technical question of subordinate interest, since it is easy for the State to acquire the bonds by taking them in payment of debts or taxes, or by purchase, so as to become the absolute owner. We certainly, of all people, have no right to object to such a course, since it is exactly what we would have forced our own government to do. If when we were driving the Government to the very verge of war with Naples, and France, and Mexico, for our claims, it had appeared that an impartial tribunal had been created by

those States to try them, but that while a feeling of foolish pride prevented them from suffering a private citizen to go before that tribunal, our Government as a sovereign could sue for us, would we have suffered the Government to delay for a moment appearing before that tribunal, suing for us, either in our name or its own? Certainly, no administration which refused, could have stood for half an hour against the storm, for thus abandoning the country's rights. What cause of complaint then have we, if, for instance, the paternal Governments of Switzerland—if Berne, or Zurich, or Lucerne, should take up the cause of those honest mountaineers, whom Pennsylvania has wronged out of three hundred thousand dollars, and receiving their bonds into their own hands, demand payment of them? They do not go to war with us, and they go to law exactly after our own fashion, and before a tribunal of our own making.

Suppose then any of these foreign States brings a suit against the State of Pennsylvania in the Supreme Court of the United States, on one of the bonds issued by the State. To the jurisdiction of the Court there can of course be no objection—that being the precise tribunal which the State itself has, by the Constitution, chosen as the arbiter of these very differences. The bond is produced. There is the seal of the State—there are the signatures of the proper officers—there is the promise of the State to pay so much money with interest at stipulated periods. The money is unpaid, and judgment is demanded. Now, before the Supreme Court of the United States, Pennsylvania may plead against the payment of the bond any thing which any private man may plead against the payment of his bond, to show its invalidity, and if any such be proved, the State will be relieved from payment. But no plea which would not release a private citizen, would be of the slightest avail to the State. More especially would the absurd pretension, that the State had too much dignity to be honest, and as a sovereign had a right to cheat its neighbours, be laughed to scorn. The only form in which an opposition to the claim might appear, would be some subsequent act of Pennsylvania, disavowing the loan, or repealing the loan law, or declaring that they never would pay the debt. To such an act of the Legislature, the natural answer would be, that Pennsylvania had by the Constitution agreed that "no State should pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts;" that if it could not impair the contracts of others, still less could it impair its own; and that the bond being a contract by the State binding itself to pay money, was beyond the control of the Legislature.

The Supreme Court has so decided again and again. When the Legislature of Georgia in 1795 sold a body of lands, and the next year declared the sale void, as having been obtained by fraud, the Supreme Court would not permit the State to recall its grant when the land had been fairly bought by a real purchaser, declaring that "the State is as much inhibited from impairing its own contracts, or a contract to which it is a party, as it is from impairing the obligation of contracts between two individuals." For the same reason the Court annulled a law of New Jersey, in 1804, taxing certain lands which the colonial Legislature of 1758 had agreed with the Indians should not be taxed—the Court declared that the first law was a contract which the second had no right to impair. So they annulled the law of New Hampshire which violated the colonial contract with the Dartmouth College. So in a case from Kentucky, they decided that "the State had no more power to impair an obligation into which she herself had entered, than she had to impair the contracts of individuals."

That this spirit of the Supreme Court is unbroken, was shown, at its very last session a few months ago—when it annulled as unconstitutional a law of the State of Illinois, requiring an appraisement of lands taken in execution.

You may judge then, how unavailing before such a tribunal would be any effort of Pennsylvania to plead its own revocations of its own acts, or its own sovereignty, or this newest nonsense of repudiation. Judgment is of course given in favor of the foreign State. Execution follows, and the Marshal of the United States seizes and sells all the property of the State; all the Canals and Rail Roads belonging to her are first sold, then all her public lands, the Eastern and Western Penitentiaries, the State House, all sold by the Marshal. Then as the taxes are paid into the State Treasury, they will of course be attached to pay the debt, and the State may be divested of its property and deprived of its future means of support. This seems incredible to our ignorant vanity. But is it not perfectly right? Ought the State Legislature to defraud its citizens with impunity, to retain the property of others, and laugh at their distresses? Nor is it at all probable that any foreign State would incur the least odium by thus sustaining the rights of its subjects. Recollect that the Legislature owes upwards of nine millions of this very debt to Pennsylvanians, who cannot sue, and who will be very grateful to the foreigners who can sue, if they will enforce their rights. Because there is not the slightest fear that the quarrel will be carried to extremities, for the moment Pennsylvania perceives that she must pay, she will prepare to pay, and of course pay all alike—her own citizens as well as foreigners. Besides, there are in Pennsylvania quite enough true men, and bold men, to force the State Legislature to save the Commonwealth from disgrace.

You will say, perhaps, that this decree can never be enforced in Pennsylvania and that the Marshal will be opposed in the execution of his process. There is not the least danger of it. Big words there will be—long speeches there will be—magniloquent resolutions there will be—high sounding acts of the Legislature there may possibly be; but when the question comes to be tried, whether the people of the State will stand by the Legislature in its attempt to cheat its own citizens, there need be no fear of the result. This very thing of popular opposition to the Marshal has been already tried three times in Pennsylvania: In the insurrection of 1794, the Marshal was resisted by large popular meetings whereupon, an army of Pennsylvanians joined by the forces of New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia, took the Marshal with them to the scene, and saw that he executed his writs. In 1798, the Marshal was again resisted in Northampton, and an armed force of Pennsylvanians alone enforced the law, and the ringleader of the resisters was condemned to death. Again, in the case of Olmstead, a judgment of the Supreme Court was obtained against some property which the State claimed as its own. The Marshal was ordered to seize it, the Governor ordered out the militia to prevent the Marshal. The Marshal called out his force, and the two parties met in the heart of the populous City of Philadelphia. The result was, that the Marshal executed his writ, and the Major General of the Pennsylvania Militia, commanding an armed force in the streets of Philadelphia, under the orders of the Governor to resist the Marshal, was himself arrested and imprisoned by the Court, for presuming to oppose its decree. Now, if this was done when the State had some plausible grounds of opposition, what can we expect from popular tumult, when its whole object is to assist the Legislature in defrauding private citizens?

These views, which are probably wholly new to the disputants, may be useful to them both. For.

1st. Pennsylvania must see that she owes an honest debt, and must pay it—that nothing can possibly prevent her paying it, and that instead of suffering it to accumulate, she should begin at once, and make provision for the punctual payment of the interest. She may shut her own eyes to her duties, but she

cannot blind others to their right—and she will find it far more easy and honorable to pay her debts, which she can do without inconvenience, than be dragged through Courts, and be subject to every kind of degradation.

2. England too may find in them cause for reflection.

One would suppose from her loud and indiscriminate clamor, that the whole people of the U. States, stimulated by their democratic institutions, were engaged in one great conspiracy to defraud these innocent Englishmen. Yet it now appears that the United States have done what England has certainly never done—what no other country has ever done; they have established a tribunal wholly independent of each State, before which any State that has wronged a foreigner may be brought, and if that foreigner proves his claims, all the other twenty five States are bound to see justice executed. This is a tribunal which does not exist, and has never existed elsewhere? When therefore England complains that Pennsylvania owes her money, the first inquiry of course is, why don't you make her pay? Why don't you sue her? If a private man in Pennsylvania owes you money, and will not pay you, sue him in the Circuit Court of the U. States, and make him pay. If the State itself owes you money, and will not pay, your Government can sue her for you in the Supreme Court and make her pay. But you have never done so—you have never chosen to avail yourself of the tribunal created expressly for you; but you sit down, and abuse the whole country, and rail and rave about democracy. All this is very unreasonable, and a little childish. Here is a nation consisting of twenty-six States, with a greater population than all England and Scotland together—England's greatest and best customer, a nation which alone of all the nations has paid off its national debt—who has settled its commercial debt to England with the most honorable punctuality. Of these twenty-six States, seven have no debt at all—there are eleven who have borrowed money to improve their lands but they pay their interest regularly, and will no doubt pay the principal when it falls due.—There are seven or eight who have failed to pay their interest punctually but who have shown no disposition to throw off the principal—and only a single one who seems to have avowed any such wish.

Now these States are entirely distinct in their debts as the several counties of England are. The General Government and the State Governments know only by rumour of these debts and defaults; and the next door neighbours of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, who have no debts, and New York, Virginia, and Ohio, who pay theirs punctually, know no more about the Pennsylvania debt, than Middlesex does those of Yorkshire. All that these States could do, they did when they made the Union with Pennsylvania—they provided an impartial tribunal between her and foreign States, and if any foreign State will go there and obtain judgment, these States will, if necessary, do what Jersey and Virginia did once already, go armed into Pennsylvania, and see the law executed. But until England does that, the other States have no right to interfere; and while these foreign States do not choose to seek redress where it awaits them, it really seems too absurd to involve the whole country in reproaches due only to a very small part. In still worse taste is it to ascribe these delinquencies to the democratic form of these governments. That is a question too grave to be discussed in times of passion; but when a fit moment arrives, the democracies may defy all the governments of Europe, past and present—by no means whatever excepting England herself, to match them for their fidelity to their engagements—a superiority which it is my greatest public anxiety to see them maintain. Yet observe with what recklessness England scatters these reproaches. These States do not pay their debts forsooth—because they are democracies. Indeed! why the greatest fraud upon public creditors ever practised—the first in order and the worst in enormity, was committed by the Monarchy and Parliament of England—begun by King Charles the Second, and completed by King William the Third—and this not an absolute forgotten wrong, but forming the first item of the present debt of England and the memory of it freshened every quarter day.

If this be deemed too old, look round at present, and take the first case which happens to strike me, in the very heart of the British empire. The city, second only not in population, of course, but in the general character and fame to London is Edinburgh; shrewd, philosophic, calculating Edinburgh not merely monarchical, but so ultra in its loyalty, as to require a sentimental love for the Stuarts, in addition to its obedience to the House of Hanover; a city, too, more populous than many of our States. Now we all know that the city of Edinburgh has been for more than twenty years, and is I believe at this moment, utterly bankrupt, with a debt of three or four millions of dollars, having misused the trust funds confided to its care, which are said to be the sixteen thousand pounds belonging to the University of Edinburgh in deposit with it, and being obliged to obtain a special Act of Parliament to assign all its property to trustees for the benefit of its creditors. So the little town of Aberdeen, after committing similar irregularities, became bankrupt for about a million of dollars. This is not gossip nor calumny, but the official report of a committee of the House of Commons. I do not mention this to show the misconduct of monarchies, though if any of our cities with their universal suffrage and annual elections, were to act thus, it would be cited as evidence of democratic misrule.

It proves in fact only that the most intelligent and prudent communities sometimes go too fast—make too many improvements, and this they do not because they belong to democracies or monarchies, but simply because they are men—active, ardent, and sanguine men. It may also show that no weapon is so apt to recoil as a reproach; and that it is wiser for both parties to abstain from these idle criminations; and go to work very quietly, each to his appropriate duties, which are very obvious. On the one side, Pennsylvania owes a debt—she is enjoying the benefit of it—she ought to pay it—if she does not do it voluntarily, she can be made to it—and she ought to be made to do it. Let her in time prepare for it. On the other side, if these foreigners do not choose to enforce their rights, they should at least be silent, but if they appeal to the Courts and obtain redress, let them rejoice that their dealings have been with that democratic nation, where alone the highest State is not above the law.

I need not say that in all this, I have not a particle of personal interest—not owning a dollar of this debt, to pay which I am to be taxed. But I am not the less anxious on that account for its payment. It grieves me to see the great cause of free institutions tarnished by the misconduct of Pennsylvania. It pains me to find our ancient Commonwealth thus dishonored—nor, with the blessing of God, shall I, while I have life, cease my poor efforts to rescue her from the shame and degradation to which her present career is hastening her.

N. BIDDLE.

A LONG GAME.—It is stated that a game of chess has just been concluded in Cincinnati, which was commenced on the 2d day of January last. The players have been engaged every day, with the exception of Sunday, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 10 in the evening, deducting three hours at dinner and one at supper. The time actually occupied in playing the game was one thousand three hundred and eighty hours.

Imperial Parliament.

STATE OF IRELAND.

The adjourned debate, on Mr. Smith O'Brien's motion for inquiry into the state of Ireland, was resumed on Monday, July 10, by Captain Bernal, with reiteration of various arguments for the proposition; urging the employment of the poor on public works and railways, the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy, and provision for the Roman Catholic clergy. When Charles the First asked the best way to put down rebellion, he was answered—"Remove the causes."

Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS moved an amendment—He reprobated the alliance of the arch-agitator, Mr. O'Connell, with Repealers in America; and read extracts of letters sent from America to the Repeal Association, expressing bitter hostility to England. As a set-off for the credit of America, he read an extract of a letter by Dr. Tyng, an eminent American Protestant Dissenter, who visited England last year, and who said—"England's most prosperous days have been in the reigns of her Protestant Queens, in two of which the land has been delivered from the yoke and the detestable enormities of the Bishop of Rome; and, I cannot but think that if Victoria's life shall be preserved, it will be as an instrument of peculiar blessings to her nation." * * * As an American citizen, I feel myself in a condition to accord without fear the praise of its manifest excellences to the British constitution and system of society; having no temptation to join in that coarse and Radical cry which can imagine no liberty but in the overturn of order, and no demonstration of the love of liberty but in the unnecessary abuse of constituted authorities and dignities, and an affected contempt of superior stations and the rights which belong to them." Sir Howard read statistical details to show that Ireland was benefited by the Union, in the increase of its trade, the increase of its public works, the number of its people employed in England, (the labourers number 40,000,) and in the general progress of society. He concluded by moving, as a check to agitation, the following resolution—"That this House, ever ready to take into consideration any real practical grievances of which any portion of the people of this country may complain and represent in an orderly and constitutional manner, but deprecating and condemning the agitation and excitement which now prevail in Ireland to an extent tending to disturb the public tranquillity, to endanger the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects, and to set all government at defiance, deem it their bounden duty to postpone all further discussion on the question now before the House, until all agitation shall have ceased and perfect order be restored: that this House resolves to support her Majesty's Government in whatever measures may be necessary to effect this by a prompt and vigorous execution of the existing laws, and moreover, to concur in arming her Majesty's Government with such extraordinary powers as may be efficient to put a stop at once to proceedings and movements which can no longer be permitted with a due regard to the peace of Ireland, to the integrity of the state, and to the safety, honour, and welfare of the country, and the dignity of the Crown." [Not finding a seconder, this motion fell to the ground.]

Captain ROUS spoke in favour of the motion—He had supported the Arms Bill; a legacy from the Irish Parliament, and maintained by successive Administrations. But the noble Lord the Member for London had formerly accompanied it by a sop for Cerberus—the Appropriation-clause; and he believed that Lord John Russell would have gone much further, but that in all legislation with regard to Ireland Government was tied by the leg by the bigotry of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and by the bigotry of the Protestant Church in England. ["Hear!" laughter, and the cries of "Oh!" from the Ministerial benches.] He, however, did much by the Appropriation-clause; for by it he pacified the great Agitator for a time, and the great Agitator managed to pacify the country, and, thank God, they had some years of tranquillity. [Cheers from the Opposition.] It should not be lost sight of that this was the Church of the minority, and that more would have been done but for the bigotry of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland and the Protestant Church in England, and he must also admit it, but for the bigotry of nearly all the supporters of the Government. [Great laughter.] The last Government did what it could for Ireland, and it did not do more because its hands were tied in the way which he had just mentioned; and he believed also that the present Government would do even more than the last if its hands were not tied up. [Cheers and laughter.] He was fully aware, if the members of the Government gave expression to such opinions as he had now uttered, that they might regard their places as not being worth twenty-four hours' purchase; and he feared that the present evil state of things must exist as long as opinion continued as it was in England and Scotland. The very granting of Catholic Emancipation was an acknowledgement of the whole debt, of which that was only an instalment. He knew that the war-cry of many gentlemen near him was "No Popery" and "Protestant Ascendancy." Now what had been the effect of this so-called Protestant ascendancy in Ireland? In 1800, the proportion of Protestants to Catholics in that country was as one to three: at the present time they are one to six and a half. Protestant ascendancy, therefore, was a failure for its professed objects. He called on the House to obey the command "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." [Loud cheers.] "I beg the House well to consider, that that which, if now conceded, would be accepted as a boon, may, and will, no doubt, at some future period be forced upon them." [Cheers.] The only safe mode that the House can proceed on in legislating for Ireland, is to make the people understand that their welfare and your welfare are identical, and that your God is their God. This is the only rule that can be safely acted upon in the command of a ship—this is the only regulation that could be enforced in the command of a regiment—the only safe and sound principle to act upon in the government of a nation." [Loud cheers.]

Viscount HOWICK insisted that the House had a right to an exposition of the Ministerial views as to the causes of existing evils, together with a statement of some well-considered line of policy for their correction—For such an exposition he had listened in vain; and he was left to infer, that, beyond a bill to correct some faults in the Poor-law, and the measure rashly introduced for registering arms, Government had nothing to propose. The organization, however, of nearly the whole population of Ireland for Repeal of the Union, with the whole physical force of the country at the command of the agitator of that question, was a state of things that could not exist without dangerous consequences to the community at large. Not that he believed that the agitators meant open resistance to Government, or that resistance, if intended, could not be repressed; but the danger lay in the strong manifestation that the Irish were hopelessly opposed in feeling to the people of this country; and while that feeling existed, the improvement of Ireland was impossible, and that country would remain a source of weakness instead of strength to England. The grievances of Ireland might not be accurately stated at the Repeal meetings, but the whole people could not be united without good ground for their opposition; and it was the duty of Government and Parliament to discover the causes of the discontent. Lord Howick proceeded, with great diffidence, to state his own views of the evils and their appropriate remedies. He traced the discontent to two

great causes,—first, a sense of insult and degradation, connected principally with the laws relating to the Church; and secondly, the laws relating to landlord and tenant; the effects of both causes being aggravated by the physical distress of the people. One chief cause of distress was the habitual and permanent subservience of labour to land, and the continual struggle for its possession. He admitted that no direct interference of Parliament could remove that evil; but Government could remove the obstacles which exist to the employment of industry, and encourage the application of labour by insuring its reward. The country is rich in natural resources: the industry and parsimony of the Irish people is proved in England and America, where they obtain labour for hire; and capital exists in England in such superabundance as to seek vents in South America, but the state of Ireland prevents the employment of capital and of labour: capital could not long be kept from Ireland if anything were done for its security. The avidity of the Irish for land and the combination to prevent the ejection of occupants prevent its improvement; for the landlord has not sufficient control to venture on improvements, while the tenant is also too uncertain of his possession to venture on them. The first object of Government should be to alter this state of things, and to provide a measure under which both holders of land and landlords should be more secure in making any improvements which the soil might require. Sir James Graham had said that Government were prepared to give their attention to any suggestions which might be offered for the amelioration of the state of Ireland; but surely he should not wait for that. Why did a Government exist, if it was not to guide Parliament to the adoption of measures which the state of the country demanded? The Government alone possessed the means of information which the occasion required—which could properly enable them to calculate the result, and direct the House to the proper course. Individual Members could only goad Government to the performance of their duty. The Poor-law provided no resource for the able-bodied poor who could not get employment. He thought it a necessary auxiliary to such a measure, that the industrious poor should in the first instance be employed on public works. Such was the system pursued in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when there was extreme difficulty found in employing the labouring classes. The suppression of the monasteries had thrown a large number of poor, who used to beg at their doors, upon the public; and among other works undertaken, was that of the drainings of the fens of Lincolnshire, for the purpose of affording employment to those who would otherwise be idle and destitute. By such means of temporary relief, society was enabled to right itself, and the industrial character of the people was kept alive to await the arrival of better times. The expense of Irish railways was much overrated: there was not, as in England, expensive ground to be purchased; and the wages of the Irish labourers were not on the English scale. But even if those railways would have cost, as it had been said they would, ten millions sterling, how could such a sum be better spent? He looked to systematic colonization, recently enforced upon the House by Mr. Charles Buller, conducted upon a great scale, as one of the most important means which they could put in practice to obtain for Ireland that relief which she so much required. Another measure was the instruction of the Irish in the useful mechanical arts. If they meant to have peace in Ireland, they must reform the Established Church. They must begin by concessions to the Roman Catholics—repeal the provision in the Act of 1829 which denies a fact palpable to every man, the existence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; and they must recognize the titles of the Bishops. He acquiesced in the proposition, that the whole of the property of the Irish Church should be vested in the hands of Commissioners, and that such a proportion of their funds should be by them employed to maintain the Protestant Church as the real wants of that Church should seem to require, and which a comparison of the proportions of Roman Catholics and Protestants would seem to render expedient; while the remainder should go in due proportion to the Roman Catholic Church. He could not help thinking that the great difficulty they had to encounter from the necessity of providing for men of their own party who are unpopular in Ireland, might be met in some degree by a measure partially amalgamating the two Governments, making them more completely one and the same. He entirely concurred in the opinion already thrown out, that a very great advantage would result from the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland. [Loud cries of "Hear, hear!"] It would be an improvement, if, instead of this cumbrous pageantry of a sham court, they should have an Irish Secretary of State sitting in London; and let the money devoted to the idle parade of a Lord-Lieutenant be employed in the formation of public works in Ireland.

He believed that it was too late to make the proposed inquiry this session; for any policy, to do good, must be of a large and comprehensive nature. He recommended Government to mature some scheme after the close of the session, and to call Parliament together early in the winter, to devote five or six weeks to its exclusive consideration; promising, that any well-digested and comprehensive plan would be considered by the Opposition in the same spirit of sincerity and cordial co-operation with the measure of Catholic Emancipation. Such a plan the country expected, and had a right to expect, from Sir R. Peel. He had great power, and with that power an awful responsibility. "I am persuaded, that if, with all the energies of his mind, and with singleness of purpose, he devotes himself to the high task to which Providence seems to have called him, of reorganizing the disjointed frame of society in Ireland—I do believe, if he honestly undertakes this high and noble task, with the blessing of Providence, he will succeed; and even if he fail, he will win the respect and admiration of all high-minded men." [Loud cheers.] But, Sir, if he is content to be borne passively along the current down which he is now so rapidly floating, he will be ultimately carried on with a still increasing rapidity; in his fall he will receive not the respect but the contempt of mankind, accompanied, as it will be, by the fall of the United Empire." [Lord Howick sat down amid loud cheering, which was prolonged for some time.]

Mr. MORGAN JOHN O'CONNELL was the first speaker on Tuesday, in support of the motion.

Mr. ROEBUCK commented on the position of the Government in the question—It was acknowledged by all parties that danger was imminent; for many nights together the extraordinary crisis had been discussed; and what was the spectacle exhibited to this great country by her present rulers? His feeling was that of disappointment and grief, that those who alone at the present time could guide the destinies of the country had exhibited themselves so totally unequal to the position which they held. The spectacle before them was a debate without a single guide, or a single principle intimated for the country to judge how the future was to be, with reference to one great and important part of the empire. Mr. Roebuck proceeded to contrast the calm, temperate, and dignified bearing of the Irish Members in laying their grievances before the House, with the petulant appeals to party prejudices made by Members on the Ministerial benches, in their attempts to bring a damaging fire on their own leader—that leader from whom they were in a state of revolt and defection. Next, he commented on the successive exhibitions of the several Ministerial speakers. Lord

Eliot, for all his kind intentions and generous feeling, entered on the topics of the debate more in the spirit of a third-rate clerk in his office than that of the head of such a department. He was followed by Sir James Graham, who sunk beneath his subject, grew frightened by it, lost all power over the House, and at last over himself. If his temper corresponded with that of his colleagues, it gave Ireland little to hope from their administration. The rekindling of a bitter animosity—the recurrence to old feelings—a total forgetfulness of our present position—a constant looking back to the feelings engendered in the mind by the contemplation of past misery—a narrow contracted retrospect of bygone times, without a single enlightened or generous view as to the course to be taken for the future—this was a fair, though it might be a severe description of Sir James's disquisition. On an occasion when civil war was threatened, the Attorney-General for Ireland harangued the House until he nearly harangued everybody out of it, with some story about his grandfather, and a long explanation why he was not elected for Dublin University! All this time, Sir Robert Peel, the sagacious manager of Parliamentary debates, seemed to be whirled along unthinking, and never stepped forward to show the governing mind of his party! He sat like a general in his camp to whom successive messengers brought news of fresh desertions. Among the deserters was Mr. Smythe, who indulged in some Liberal expressions: would he give some Liberal votes? Captain Rous said that the Arms Bill was worse than useless: but he had voted for it, and he left the House in doubt as to his vote on the present motion. Mr. Shaw warned the Premier, that if he did not govern Ireland by and for the Orange party, but for English and Irish welfare, he must do without the Orange party. He was to govern Ireland by means of the "garrison" of Protestants, not on the broadest principles of justice guided by the condition of the whole people! "We are told, however, that this party has the land of Ireland—the whole wealth of the country. If it were true, what has it to do with the question? They are in the proportion of 800,000 to 8,000,000; and if they possessed every farthing of the money, and every acre of the land of the country, I would not for one moment place the happiness of the one in the scale against that of the other. [Loud cheers.] It is clear that 800,000 could not possess the whole of the land if the country was well governed—if it were not, in fact, governed through a dominant party. And when, in addition, we recollect the distinction made by religion—when we not only have the poor and the rich, but the Catholic and the Protestant—and when, by our system, we thus foment other grievances by the bitterness of theological hatred—common justice demands that we should not stand aloof from the discussion of the wrongs we have inflicted, but that we should take the part of the weak against the strong; of the many against the few." [Loud cheers.] The Members of the late Government addressed themselves to the discussion nearly in the same narrow spirit; and, when Sir Robert Peel did come forth, he hoped that Mr. Macaulay's display of party-spirit would not be imitated.

He knew that Sir Robert Peel had difficulties to contend with; and he quarrelled with him, not because he had done actual mischief, but because he had not shown himself equal to the *new* exigencies of the case, and ready to grapple with those difficulties. Physical suffering, exasperated by a sense of wrong and insult, was the disease of Ireland; and to complain of agitation as the cause was as wise as to complain of the heat of fever. "I do not think Mr. O'Connell is at the bottom of all the misery of Ireland. I think the course he has pursued has often done great mischief; but, by his great and wonderful abilities, his untiring energy, he has wrought for them changes no other man could effect; and though we may complain of the means which he employs, and in many things I think him wholly indefensible, still it must be clear to the people of Ireland that he is their friend; and it is also certain that he has for the first time made you think seriously of the wants of the Irish people. [Cheers.] Like all enthusiastic men at the head of an enthusiastic people, he has been alternately a dupe and an impostor. [Laughter and cheers.] Mr. O'Connell is by no means very nice in his expressions; and I wish to express my meaning without any shading down of opinion. I never can believe that Mr. O'Connell believes that the repeal of the Union will produce the halcyon days he promises; but it answers his purpose, and I suppose he thinks the end justifies the means. He has produced certainly one effect—that, in spite of the indifference so long exhibited towards Ireland, you are at last driven to consider her grievances. It was the only way of separating the English Government from the Orange faction, to make you fear the resentment of the large masses of the people." Besides the physical evils of Ireland, there was that badge of conquest the Protestant Church; and if some Government did not destroy its domination, the people would destroy it themselves. "Just see how easily it could be done. Mr. O'Connell governs Ireland; let him suggest that no tithe shall be paid, and let him go a step further and say that no rent shall be paid, and it would be found extremely difficult to get either tithes or rent. [Murmurs, and cries of "Hear!" from the Ministerial benches.] Ay, 'Hear, hear?' if you please. Do not fancy that we are whispering secrets to one another here; or that Mr. O'Connell has not well weighed each step of the process by which he will compel you to right the wrongs of his country. ["Hear, hear!"] If the Protestant feeling of England be of that strong description—if it be of that bigoted nature which the honourable and gallant Member for Westminster described, that it will not endure a proposition for legally and quietly relieving the people of Ireland from what they conceive to be a badge of slavery—then I say that the Protestant feeling of England must receive a lesson at the hands of the Catholics of Ireland." ["Hear, hear!" and murmurs.] Were the Irish people to be told that the Protestant feeling of England was alone to be consulted, and that no Minister dare face it? When Sir Robert Peel passed Catholic Emancipation, he faced that feeling, and the only loss he incurred was the gratification of representing the mind and Christian virtue of Oxford University: if he feared to face it again, some one else would be found to do so. Mr. Roebuck devoted some pains to show the tithe, originally created by Roman Catholics and devoted to Roman Catholic purposes, and diverted from those purposes by the will of the nation, might again be diverted to other purposes. The support of the Church meant nothing but money. He was attacking no man's Protestant faith, but objected only to one man's being compelled to pay for services rendered to another—[A laugh on the Ministerial side]—and when he did so he was laughed at; which showed, that Protestant faith and Christian feeling meant money in the opinion of the laughers. A gradual extension of the English Poor-law to Ireland, imposing the rate not on the poor tenant but on the landlord, would give to the landlord a direct money-interest in the welfare of the tenantry, and would be the first great step towards the arrangement of the difficulties connected with the tenure of the land. Let Government do that, maintain the Catholic clergy in a decent and proper manner, do all they could to promote the well-being of the people, and renounce all connexion with the dominant Orange party—combine their forces and throw themselves on the good sense of England—and difficulties would vanish before prudence and firmness.

Sir ROBERT PEEL now rose. He began his speech by putting aside

every thing of a merely personal or party character; seeking to vindicate his course by no recrimination—Ministers were charged with resisting inquiry: but inquiry was hardly the object of the motion; and several Members would support it on totally different grounds. The inference which the public would draw, were it carried, was an expression of want of confidence in Ministers. Still, if Members thought there was something in party connexions which disabled Ministers from satisfactorily conducting the affairs of Ireland, no party or personal considerations ought to prevail over those opinions; and Mr. Smythe and others had better follow up their speeches by votes against Ministers—a course infinitely more friendly than lending a hollow support. Mr. O'Brien had declared the motion to be an arraignment of the conduct of Parliament and Government towards Ireland: Sir Robert Peel first referred to the impeached conduct of Parliament in pecuniary affairs, a conduct towards Ireland described as niggardly in the extreme. His firm impression was, that the accusation was, unjust and unfounded: it was not unimportant, for it was calculated to make a great impression in Ireland. A Committee was formerly appointed, on the motion of Mr. Spring Rice to consider a similar charge; and from the Report of that Committee Sir Robert read extracts. It first referred to the principle under which the Irish civil Estimates were originally made part of the public expenditure. Parliament was bound to provide not less than £73,277 (the average expenditure at the end of last century for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, and for charitable purposes in Ireland,) to be devoted to local objects in Ireland as the United Parliament should direct: in twenty-eight years that sum would have been £1,460,000: the total amount actually voted by Parliament in that period was £5,348,000. Under the head of Irish Miscellaneous Estimates and Civil Contingencies, the sum contracted for by the Union would have amounted to £127,860: it amounted to £5,002,062. Compare Ireland and Scotland, excepting the votes which would include the Civil Government of Ireland, which is more extensive than in Scotland: the aggregate amount for corresponding purposes voted for seven years in Scotland was £660,000; in Ireland £2,260,000. Mr. O'Brien argued that the scale of Ireland's contribution towards the revenue fixed at the time of the Union (2-17ths) was too great in proportion: but the question now was, not what Ireland ought to have paid at the time of the Union, but what was the present animus of Parliament towards Ireland. If the two countries were to be united, the great object was to oppose no checks to a perfectly free interchange of productions, no system of drawbacks; and therefore any discrimination of indirect taxes was difficult and unwise. As a general rule, the Customs-duties should be identical. In the Excise the principle is nearly the same; but when there is a distinction it is, as perhaps it ought to be, in favour of Ireland. Repeal of the Union could not possibly benefit Ireland in direct taxation: in that country there are no window duties, no assessed taxes, no property-tax. Since the new arrangement of the Post-office duty, Ireland has transmitted £2,000 to the Exchequer: all the advantage of the penny-postage is extended to Ireland gratuitously, and the whole of the Post-office service in that country is conducted at the public charge. Every part of the empire has a duty on soap, excepting only Ireland. He claimed no merit for these things; but they disproved the assumption that Parliament was disposed to be unjust to Ireland in financial matters.

The Executive Government of Ireland was attacked. Was any act of intolerance or injustice alleged—any reversal of the legislation of their predecessors—any hostility to the Roman Catholics? On the contrary, almost the only thing adduced as proof of misconduct was the appointment to judicial offices of two gentlemen, against whom the objections, it seemed, was, that they might have been too merciful in the administration of justice. It was disparaging to Ireland to rest such sweeping accusations on such narrow grounds, and to attach such importance to the exercise of judicial patronage. Mr. O'Brien had read an extract from a newspaper, alleging that Ireland was made use of to provide for relations and dependents of Ministers. If there was any peculiar source of patronage in Ireland, it would be admitted to be the Irish Church: but the first letter on the subject which Sir Robert Peel wrote to the Lord-Lieutenant, in September 1841, was couched in these terms—"Let it be understood that in respect to the Church preferments, you will act upon your own sense of duty, and on the result of your own inquiries; and, if that scene of duty prompts you to prefer the claims of professional merit, let your inquiries be directed to the ascertainment of those claims." Sir Robert continued—"Perhaps I am unwise in reading this letter. We are charged with being subservient to a party, and thinking of nothing but parliamentary support, and sacrificing the interest of Ireland for fear of offending friends. I think the communications I have quoted from prove certainly the injustice of that charge, and may account in some degree for the difficulties which we have had to contend against in attempting to govern Ireland, not through the intervention of a party, but with reference to public policy. ("Hear, hear!") My letter proceeded—"It is absolutely necessary, for the best interests both of Church and State, that the patronage of the Irish Church should be applied on such principles. I will willingly forego any Parliamentary support which would only be conciliated by the disregard of those principles; through, indeed, the fact is that (if such considerations are to be attended to) the interests of Government are in the long run much better prompted by the honest exercise of patronage than by administering it to favour individual supporters." Sir Robert next alluded to the Croal contract; contending that it was necessary, for the prevention of jobbing, to throw such contract completely open to public competition. "Now 2,000*l.* less is offered by one than another. We take the cheaper. The successful competitor happens to be a Scotchman, and then there is an outcry against us for insulting and offending Ireland by transferring contracts. [Loud cries of "Hear!"] I can only say, Sir, that I regret the thing passed from the Irishmen. ["Hear!" and a laugh.] I heartily wish the Scotchman had not made the cheapest bid. [A laugh.] I did whatever I could, consistently with my duty, to prevent any injury to the individual unsuccessful. But you are disparaging Ireland when you make it a grievance that Irishmen may prove unsuccessful in public contracts. These are small matters—"Hear, hear!" from the Opposition—but you have urged them, and is it not necessary to answer them?" [Cheers.] The most ungenerous charge of all was that connected with education in Ireland. Had Ministers wished to make concession to the power of party, they might either have withdrawn the grant of public money from the National system, or have established a separate system for members for the Established Church: in the hope of promoting religious peace, they adhered to the National system, and thereby incurred much of that reproach which had weakened their support in Ireland; while Members opposite actually taunted them with having disgusted the Protestant clergy! Mr. O'Brien also charged Government with not having appointed Irishmen to public office. "It is with extreme regret that I hear charges of this nature brought against the Government. I recollect that, some years since, I had to appoint two Commissioners of Metropolitan Police—exclusively local offices: I never gave a thought as to the country or the religion of the persons whom I appointed; but it is so happened that I selected two

Irishmen. I believe that every other member of the Government has acted upon the same principle; and that the fact of a man's being an Irishman has never operated to his prejudice with regard to any public appointment. The only direct charge of this nature which I remember to have ever been preferred against the Government, I read the other day. We had to appoint three sculptors to erect as many monuments to celebrated naval heroes in Greenwich Hospital, Parliament having voted a sum of money for that purpose; I made the selection, and it happened that two out of the three whom I selected were Irishmen. I was not conscious that I had done so, until I saw an attack made upon the Government because two out of three sculptors appointed were natives of Ireland!"

The attention of the House had been called to the social, political, and religious grievances of Ireland. The social evils—the state of the demand for labour and for land—it was impossible to deny: they had been the subject of repeated and protracted inquiry; and it was utterly impossible for the Government or the Legislature to devise any immediate remedy for evils of that nature. Any alteration of the law of landlord and tenant which seriously affected the free possession of property—the great principle which distinguishes civilized from barbarous communities—would be most injurious to the interests of Ireland. "If you tell the possessor of wealth in Ireland, that by the purchase of land he shall not gain the uncontrolled right of property over that land, in my opinion, you will strike a fatal blow at the prosperity of that country." But he spoke generally of the right of property, and not of the abuse of that right; and he would not resist inquiry into the peculiarities or abuses of the Irish law. "When I assert that the just rights of property ought to be respected, I am far from saying, that if a remedy could be applied to prevent the undue exercise of power in Ireland, I would not give to such a proposition the most attentive consideration. If you tell me that a tenant-at-will improves the property he occupies, relying upon the justice and generosity of his landlord, and that, having so improved that property, he gives a vote, or does some other act, hostile to the feelings of the landlord, and is ejected from his tenancy, no compensation being made to him for his outlay—if the landlord takes advantage of such hostile vote or act, for the purpose of availing himself of any benefit he may gain by taking possession of the land without affording compensation to the outgoing tenant—that is undoubtedly a gross injustice. I trust and believe that this is a case of rare occurrence; and if so, it may be difficult to apply a legislative remedy. But if such cases were of frequent occurrence, and a legislative remedy could be safely applied, I think it would be the duty of the House to afford such remedy." [Cheers.] Lord Howick suggested the outlay of eight or ten millions on railways in Ireland: and there was no objection to such application of capital, provided the works undertaken were likely to succeed, and to lay the foundation of permanent prosperity. But the experience afforded by the erection of the Union Workhouses was not favourable; while they were building and they afforded work to the people, there was great apparent satisfaction; but when the people were called upon to repay the advance of 1,200,000*l.* or 1,500,000*l.*, and that after a sudden fall of prices, there was general discontent. The effect of railways is much mistaken: between two mercantile towns they are of the greatest advantage to commerce; but he doubted the benefit to a neighbourhood not mercantile. Lord Howick mentioned emigration as a mode of relief; but he was disposed to think a more efficacious mode; but he did not allude to the application of public funds to that purpose. With regard to the political condition of Ireland, his opinion, often expressed, was, that there ought to be perfect civil equality. He had said in Opposition, and he repeated now, that he knew of no office for which the Roman Catholic ought to be held disqualified. When in Opposition, he had approved of the appointments of Mr. Sheil, Mr. More O'Ferrall, and Mr. Wyse. Lord Howick accused him of not removing from the statute-book the oath which charged the Roman Catholics with idolatry; he did repeal that oath, the declaration against transubstantiation, in 1829.—pronouncing it to be without an object; and were he to legislate again, he should now act in the same spirit. Sir Robert Peel alluded to Lord Stanley's Registration Bill; taking credit for not using his majority to enforce it; and declaring his belief that causes were in operation in Ireland which reduced the number of voters, and which would require a remedy. Adverting to the religious question, he contrasted the opinions of Mr. Roebuck, who would convert the whole ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland to State purposes; of Lord Howick, who would not extinguish the Protestant Church in Ireland; of Lord John Russell, who would maintain it for fear of endangering Established Churches in England and Scotland; and of Lord Palmerston, who did not regard the Protestant Church as a grievance, but would constitute the Catholic Church a kind of modified establishment, on a footing of "perfect equality" with the Protestant. What did he mean by "equality?" Should six-sevenths of the Church revenues be given to the Catholics, according to their numerical proportion, and only one-seventh retained for the Establishment? should a like proportion of the ecclesiastical edifices be transferred? The Established Church is represented in the Parliament; should the Protestant Bishops be excluded, or should the Roman Catholic Bishops be admitted? and if the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops were admitted, why not admit the English Roman Catholic Bishops? But then the relation of the Protestant religion to the State would be completely altered. Describing other difficulties, Sir Robert Peel pointed to the Act of Union, and to the danger of departing from contracts of the kind on any grounds short of absolute necessity. "These are great national contracts. You overcome great prejudices and obstinate objections by making certain engagements. You give these engagements all the force of law. You guarantee, as far as it is in the power of the Legislatures to do so, permanence in their duration. It has a great tendency to shake confidence in the faith of the Legislature if you depart from them without the strongest proof of necessity. You may again have to deal with violent prejudices and violent objections. You may again have to offer equivalent measures of precaution and security for the purpose of abating those prejudices. If you can prove that in former instances you have maintained your faith, the public will then place reliance on your new assurances, will accept your new securities, and relinquish their long-cherished prejudices. But if the public find that no faith is to be placed in your pledges, and that, after entering into a contract, you cannot fulfil it, then your proceedings will be accompanied with a great disadvantage, and your power of doing good will be diminished, in consequence of the public confidence in your acts being diminished." Mr. Grattan, Mr. Canning, and Lord Plunkett concurred in disclaiming any act to weaken the foundations of the Established Church in Ireland. Seeing the concessions which have actually been made—the reduction of the Establishment, the number of Bishops, and the amount of the ecclesiastical revenues—the new appropriation and re-distribution of those revenues—the transfer of tithes from the tenant to the landlord—could he hope to attain peace by any partial and limited concessions like those which Lord Howick advised? He did not know how to appropriate so small a sum as Lord Howick would divert to the purposes of the Roman Catholic religion.

In 1829 he insisted on regarding the question of the Catholic Emancipation as one of civil privilege alone, distinct from any question of religion; and he now much doubted whether, if the Government were suddenly to make any declaration of their intention to provide for the members of the Roman Catholic Church establishment, the discontent in Ireland would not rather be increased than diminished. "I fear, therefore, that the Hon. and Learned Member for Bath will denounce me as having entirely failed in fulfilling the duties of a statesman. (Hear, hear!) I think it would not be for the public interests that I should make the concessions which he advises with regard to the Irish Church. If there are others willing to make those concessions—if this House, or the majority of this House, thinks that the time has arrived for considering that question—I leave them fairly to express their opinions by their votes; and I am perfectly certain, that any arrangement of a matter of this kind may be more satisfactorily made by others than could possibly be made by me, or by those who concur with me; and as I said before, I repeat again—let no partiality for the present Government, let no past declarations in their favour, let no confidence on other grounds, prevent Hon. Gentlemen who entertain that opinion from expressing it by recording their votes on the present occasion."

Sir Robert argued against considering the repeal of the Union in the same light with the repeal of any other act of Parliament; and he described the difficulties of governing two independent nations in harmony. He replied to the demand that he should declare his course—"I am prepared to pursue that course which I consider I have pursued, namely, to administer the government of Ireland upon the principles of justice and impartiality. (Cheers.) I am prepared to recognize the principle established by law, that there shall be equality of civil privileges. I am prepared, in respect of the franchise, to give a substantial and not a fictitious right of suffrage. In respect to the social condition of Ireland, we are prepared also—but that is a matter for legislation, and we all feel that no partial legislation will be proper or effective—we are prepared to consider the relations of landlord and tenant deliberately, and all the important questions involved therein. With respect to the Established Church, I have already stated that we are not prepared to make one alteration in the law by which that Church and its revenues shall be impaired. (Cheers and counter-cheers.) It is said, on the other hand, Why do you do nothing? why stand with folded arms? why don't you bring in measures at once?" I know what a tendency there is, particularly in some quarters, to press for measures of coercion. But we must have regard to the real circumstances before us, and to the means in the possession of the Government. Demands may be made for new measures upon which to rely for the suppression of disturbance. Sir, I claim for the Government the entire right to judge with regard to the discretion to be exercised either as to the application of the existing laws or as to an appeal to Parliament for new ones. I am not ashamed of acting with forbearance and moderation in matters of this kind." He believed that the clamour for new restrictions and powers does not add to the strength of the Executive: on the other hand, that the agitation could not proceed without ranging on the side of Government many, Catholics as well as Protestants, who must be alarmed at the consequences of that agitation; and he felt a source of strength and confidence in the loyalty of the well-affected. "Believing that forbearance of the Government—while forbearance can be safely continued—will add rather to their strength than cause weakness, our firm determination is, I repeat, to do every thing that can be done by authority or by power to resist the success of the Repeal of the Union, by any other mode than by the constitutional mode, the deliberate act of the Legislature." He concluded by reminding the Roman Catholics of the concessions already made to them—of the kindly feeling evinced—of their common country, common cause, and fear of common disaster—as reasons why they should join in firm resistance to the agitation for Repeal of the Union.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL declared he had listened to Sir Robert Peel's speech with any thing but satisfaction—

It was less like the address of a Minister than that of a Member in Opposition finding faults with the propositions of a Government. In the present alarming state of things he saw cause for fear—the fear of doing injustice. He approved of Sir Robert Peel's resistance to the advice of irresponsible persons, who urged premature measures of coercion; and allowed that it was impossible to concede all demanded by the multitudes in Ireland; but not less reprehensible was the course taken by Government—the course of doing nothing at all, but waiting to hear the proposals of other Members, cavilling about them, and adopting none. He denied the practical equality of privileges between England and Ireland; and then he touched upon many of the grievances already pointed out. He would not entirely destroy the Established Church in Ireland; but, without producing a plan, he said that the Roman Catholic Bishops and clergy ought to be put upon a footing of perfect equality with the Protestant Bishops and clergy. The whole system of appointing partisans should be abandoned; and Sir Robert Peel should do as Cromwell did when he appointed Sir Matthew Hale to administer justice, though that lawyer doubted the authority of Cromwell himself. Lord John alluded to Mr. Fox's conciliatory measures in 1782, when the Volunteers were in arms—to Mr. Pitt's promise of Catholic Emancipation immediately after the rebellion in Ireland—and to the Duke of Wellington's concession of Catholic Emancipation, under the avowed dread of civil war as examples for Sir Robert Peel. Dilating on the possible difficulties which might accrue in our foreign relations, he warned Ministers to beware the consequences of injustice to Ireland.

Mr. Sergeant MURPHY moved the adjournment of the debate, which was rejected, by 216 to 82; but, moved again by Mr. Blewitt, it was agreed to, at three o'clock in the morning.

Next evening the discussion was begun by Mr. Sergeant MURPHY; who urged the Government to devise remedies for the admitted grievances—Mr. Tennent had attributed the acknowledged peace under Lord Normanby's rule to the appointment of political partisans to judicial offices; but even if that were the source of peace and prosperity, it ought to be adopted. He urged the imitation of Sir Charles Bagot's policy in Canada; called to mind that even the Whigs failed when they resorted to coercion in 1834; and, referring to Sir Robert Peel's letter to Lord de Grey, asked how Government came to appoint Dr. Daly, whose harangues in Exeter Hall had set a number of young English people against their Irish fellow subjects? Among specific measures, Sergeant Murphy pressed for reduction of the Church revenues, and a modification of tenant-law like that recommended by Mr. O'Ferrall. He vindicated the priests, declaring that but for their interference the agitation in Ireland would have assumed a much more dangerous character; and he called for a statement of what Government intended to do after Parliament should break up!

Mr. CHARLES BULLER criticised the debate; the most surprising and interesting discussion he had ever heard in Parliament—

He never heard a great question more calmly or fitly discussed; and he thanked Sir Robert Peel in particular for those feelings of warm and generous

humanity and patriotism which prevented him from having recourse to the vulgar plan of coercion. If he could only acknowledge abuses in the Church—defend it from some arguments *ab inconvenienti* about what should be done with the Catholic Bishops—hint that it was a subject on which he would not rashly pronounce an opinion, thereby giving hopes that he would pronounce an opinion by and by—even if that were all that could not be got, there was no despair of sufficient measures to put down the agitation in Ireland by granting just demands. Mr. Buller alluded to the speeches of Ministerial Members, “some friends of mine below the gangway on the other side,” especially that of Captain Rous—“My first impression was, to lift up my hands in wonder and say, what have we been differing about so long! for what have we been abusing one another on the hustings and in the House? Why have we been calling you bigots, and you styling us enemies of the Church! (*Hear, hear!*) and laughter.) What an agreeable disappointment, to find that your opinions on the great fundamental question of the church agree with us more than with the Government! (*Cheers and laughter.*) It may perhaps, be owing to some of them being young Members of little experience, that they have not yet learned how to make their votes coincide with the speeches. (*A laugh.*) But these things come gradually.” (*Laughter.*) He exhorted the House to remember the bad feeling engendered in Ireland by the conquest, and by great oppressions, when regarding the petulance exhibited about smaller grievances. He would not destroy the Protestant Church, but he would put the two Churches on a footing of perfect equality; and he pointed out the mischievous effect of withdrawing all State connexion from those who were the real clergy of the people. Alluding to the question of tithes, he asked what would have become of the rights of property in England, if the rights of the landlord had not been modified by the existence of a poor-law and law of settlement?

Mr. FERRAND said that if this were a vote of want of confidence in Ministers, he should betray his constituents were he to oppose it: if it were a vote on the Irish question only, he would vote with Ministers. Let Government, he said amid repeated cheers, survey the frightful and dangerous state of Wales. He looked to the winter with fear and trembling. Government did nothing: they were impotent for good and powerless to protect. Let them tell him what they meant to do for England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales; for they had deceived every party.

Viscount PALMERSTON was met with a storm of noises. Members being impatient for a division: he quietly waited till the uproar subsided, and then entered on a criticism of the debate, less remarkable for what was said than for what was unsaid—

He commented on the position of Government between conflicting powers urging severally coercion and remedies: a Cabinet, it was rumoured, divided even within itself. Much importance appeared to be attached to what he said—too much, as in the case of his prediction last year that the harvest would not be abundant, which was supposed to make dealers hoard their corn: he had told Sir Robert Peel that if he left office he would soon be invited to return: but occurrences within those walls made him doubt his anticipation, and he felt bound in honour to give warning of his altered view. (*Laughter.*) Referring to the subject of debate, he pronounced repeal of the Union equivalent to dismemberment of the empire, civil war even being preferable to such a calamity; and then he repeated what he had said in a previous debate concerning the Church—that he would maintain the Establishment, reducing it in cases where there were very few Protestant parishioners (in some parishes there was only one Protestant: placing the Catholic episcopacy on a proper footing, and endowing the parish clergy, with probably a grant of £300 or £400, to build each glebe-house; and increasing the grant to Maynooth College. Other countries set the example; Catholic Austria supports entire Protestant parishes: it is the same in Bavaria; and Belgium provides for the Protestant, Greek, Catholic, and Jewish Churches. He would not admit that, in passing the Irish Reform Bill, the Whig Ministers meant to restrict the franchise as it has been restricted by the decisions of Irish Judges: the landlord who desires to qualify a tenant must give him for £10 what is worth £20; which makes it almost impossible for the landlord to grant leases. It is a maxim in public affairs, to distinguish between what is difficult and what invincible: it is yet time to do what Ireland needs: another maxim was, to know the time to deal with a matter—another, that time and tide wait for no man; and public affairs will not wait for the indecision of cabinets. No doubt Ministers were strenuously opposed by some on their side; but if they were fit for the responsibilities of the task which they had undertaken, they should disregard all such considerations, for they would meet with more than a corresponding support from the Opposition side of the House—(*Hear, hear, and laughter.*)—and if they failed in their endeavours to pacify Ireland by the application of the principles of justice, they would fall with honour. At all events, he hoped that Lord Stanley, who was to reply to him, would continue the “merciful silence” of his colleagues, and leave to the Irish the hope that their claims were yet to be considered.

Lord STANLEY, in a vaguer and less comprehensive manner, retraced much of Sir Robert Peel's ground; making a good deal of the conflict of opinion among the opponents of Government—

It had been convenient for members of the late Government to dwell upon the political class of grievances. Ministers were charged with intending to do nothing for the franchise; but Lord Eliot had announced a bill for amending the Poor-law, comprising an improvement in the franchise. Ministers were only anxious to pass the Arms Bill because it would expire this session. He had been asked how he could object to a further reduction of the Irish Church revenues: why, he had sacrificed, not merely office but private friendship, on the principle that he would not alienate the Church property. He went on to show the difficulties of treating the two Churches on a footing of “equality,” declaring that the proposed equality would soon end in the supremacy of the Roman Catholic Church; and as a Protestant Minister, the servant of the Protestant Sovereign of a Protestant country, he maintained that the Church establishment should be a Protestant establishment. The settlement of the relation of landlord and tenant was most difficult for the Legislature to handle; but he acknowledged that if the Irish landlords, as a class, dealt with their tenants otherwise than the landlords of England, a case was made out for the interference of the Legislature. He admitted Mr. Charles Buller's distinction about the poor-rate; but, on the other hand, the Irish landlord had difficulties in removing a tenant, which did not obstruct the landlord in England. To shift a bankrupt tenant from a large farm which he could not manage, to a smaller which his means might compass, an every-day process in England, was a change which in Ireland would involve the danger of bloodshed. To a Committee, however, of mere inquiry into the law of landlord and tenant, the Government would have made no objections. He saw nothing in the state of Ireland to make him despair of conducting its affairs through the present crisis, if Ministers had the confidence of the House; if not, the sooner it was declared, the better, and he should bow to the decision and resign. He anticipated,

however, no such result: “and if, in the midst of these difficulties, we are honoured with the support and confidence of this House and of the country, which first raised us to power, we shall be ready still, honestly, firmly, and fearlessly, to pursue that course, which in the calm and deliberate judgment, in the united opinion of the Cabinet, we have adopted”—in the united opinion of the Cabinet, to which belonged the Duke of Wellington, whose policy Lord John Russell had complimented.

Mr O'BRIEN having briefly replied, the House divided, at half-past two, o'clock on Thursday morning: for the motion 164; against 243; majority, 79.

House of Lords, July 14.

The House of Lords have entered the field of discussion about the state of Ireland; and the debate, though destitute of novelty in fact or argument, was marked by some characteristic traits. It originated in resolutions moved, with a long speech, by the Marquis of CLANRICARDE; declaring the recent dismissal of Irish Magistrates, on such a ground as Ministers' declaration in Parliament, unconstitutional, unjust, and inexpedient. The dismissal had given a great impulse to Repeal agitation, shown in the rise of the Repeal rent; and the state of Ireland, bordering on anarchy, he imputed to the policy of Ministers; for the country was delivered over to them in a peaceable condition.

The Duke of WELLINGTON met the resolution by a direct negative. He reminded the House that the Repeal agitation originated in the time of the late Ministers, and Lord Fortescue had expressly denounced it. The acts impugned were forced upon Government. He set aside the question as to the technical legality of the Repeal meetings, not being competent to discuss it; but he justified the course taken by Government on these grounds. It was notorious that Parliament was of opinion that the Union should not be repealed. “These meetings, consisting of 20,000, 10,000, or 100,000 men—no matter the number of thousands—having been continued after these declarations in Parliament, I wish to know with what object they were continued? With a view to address Parliament to repeal the Union? No, my Lords; they were continued in order to obtain the desired repeal of the Union by the terror of the people, and if not by terror, by force and violence. (*Loud cries of hear, hear.*) And the persons calling these meetings, I beg your Lordships to observe, were Magistrates; the very men who, if such force and violence were to be resorted to, must have been employed by Government to resist such terror and violence to prevent breaches of the peace, and to arrest those who were guilty of such breaches of the peace, and bring them to justice.” That was the ground on which the Lord Chancellor of Ireland said to the Magistrates—“You must be dismissed if you attend or excite such meetings.” The meetings were attended by large numbers, in military array; dispersed at the word of command; threats were held out—“Blood or Repeal,” and such inscriptions on flags. “My Lords, I have had some experience in the course of a long life passed in the service of the Sovereigns of this country—I say I have had some experience in these revolutions. A distinguished author who has written on France said, ‘On conspire sur la place.’ There was no secrecy in the transactions. The reason was, that the great means of operation was terror—deception as to their followers, and terror towards their adversaries; and when a learned gentleman declares that ‘Napoleon had not in Russia such an army as there is here, and the Duke of Wellington had not such a one at Waterloo,’—why, very possibly not, my Lords. (*Loud laughter.*) Nay, more; mind what he said respecting the organization of this army, and the means of assembling the population. He said on one occasion, that in the course of one night he could collect the whole of his forces; and of that I have no doubt. What is the consequence of this? Why, my lords, I say it became the duty of the Government to be prepared—and I hope the Government has been prepared—in all parts of the country, to protect the persons of the inhabitants, to preserve the property of the peaceable people, to do everything in their power to maintain the dominion of her Majesty and of this country, and to be prepared for any unfortunate event. I do not know what effect the measure has had: I can't say whether more thousands or less thousands have assembled since; but this, my Lords, I know—that I feel more security when I know that we have not to employ men in putting down a mischief which they have themselves been instrumental in producing.” The Duke went on to vindicate the willingness of Parliament to legislate for the benefit of Ireland. He regretted to learn the extent of poverty in Ireland; unfortunately there are poor in all parts of the kingdom. “Is that poverty relieved by a march of twenty-five or thirty Irish miles a day, in spring and summer, to hear seditious speeches? Is poverty relieved by subscribing to Repeal rent, or to O'Connell rent? On the contrary, the evils of poverty are to be remedied by industry and sobriety. The evils of poverty are not such as can be remedied in a single day. The means of correcting such evils must be some time in course of operation; and above all, this was to be remembered, that nothing whatever could be effected for improving the condition of the Irish people till the present tendency to insubordination was repressed.”

There was a long discussion. The Earl of CLANCARTY and the Earl of GLENGALL blamed Government for not using greater energy against the Repeal agitation; at the same time disapproving of the manner in which the Magistrates had been dismissed.

On a division, the resolutions were negatived by 91 to 29.

Latest Intelligence.

The English and European news, by the arrival, although not of a very exciting nature, is nevertheless important and interesting in many of its features. The Cotton market was unusually active at the last dates. The weather was considered decidedly favourable for a beautiful harvest in all directions, but the Corn market was rising rapidly.

Ireland continues almost exclusively to absorb the attention of Parliament, and the present session promises to be one of the most protracted on record. As matters progress, the sitting seems likely to run into the autumn, to the great annoyance of the country gentlemen, as well as the discomfort of the mere black politicians. October is already named as the earliest period for the rising. The House of Commons devoted three nights last week, and two during the week preceding, to the discussion of Mr. S. O'Brien's motion for an inquiry into the state of the sister country. In a mere party sense, the debate was the most damaging which the Ministry has experienced since their installation, and the majority with which it closed, 79, the smallest they have yet had on any great question.

The Times sounded the tocsin some time ago, and “thundered” furiously in favour of putting down, by force, the existing state of things across the channel. But it was a mere *brutum fulmen* in its effect upon the country. The coercion party is weak in the House, for Sir Howard Douglass—who moved a strong resolution, during the recent debate, to the effect that the agitation should be first suppressed, and remedial measures afterwards considered—could not find a second.

LAUNCH OF THE GREAT IRON STEAMER “GREAT BRITAIN.”—The largest

steamer ever built, intended for the trade between this country and New York, was launched at Bristol July 19th. She is to be called the Great Britain, and belongs to the spirited company who run the first steamer that traded regularly between England and the city of New York—the Great Western.

THE REPEAL AGITATION.—It has already been stated, that one of the consequences of the repeal agitation in Ireland has been to keep the reapers, who were in the habit of coming into the agricultural districts of this country in thousands at this season of the year, at their own homes on the present occasion; and as a proof of the fact, it has recently been ascertained that one of the principle steam boat companies at Liverpool, which last year had, from Dublin alone, an average, up to this period of 2000 deck passengers, has had in the present year only 1200, thus showing a falling off to the extent of 800 weekly, or 40 per cent.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Despatches have been sent off by Government to Captain Lord G. Paulet, of the Carysfort frigate, in the South Pacific, acknowledging the free independence of King Tamchamaha III and the Sandwich Islands from this or any other country.

The celebrated Field-Marshal Count Wittgenstein, died at St. Petersburg on the 16th ultimo, at the advanced age of 87.

Negotiations are about to be opened between Prussia, Austria, and England for new postal regulations, putting an end to the necessity for pre-paying letters between those three countries; a similar treaty is said to be on the point of being signed between Prussia and Russia.

The government has at present under consideration plans for quickening the intercourse between England and Ireland, by forming a railway from Chester to Holyhead, on the plan proposed by Mr. George Stephenson.

Dr. Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, died in Paris on Sunday week, aged 88.

Puseyism is still making rapid progress among the clergy. It is said that out of 12,000 clergymen fully 9000, or there-fourths of the whole number, are more or less tainted.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Gazette of Friday evening contains six crown presentations to parishes vacated by non intrusionists. There will probably be a similar list for several weeks, and many young men who had no chance of living for years, will thus be comfortably provided for by the late secession. They may well say, "It is a bad wind that blows nobody good."

Yesterday Charles Tilder was examined at Bow Street Police-office for the second time, charged with loitering about the residence of Sir Robert Peel, and refusing to give an account of himself. When arrested on Tuesday, he gave a false name and totally false account. He proves to be the son of a music-engraver in Soho. He has been in the habit of loitering about Whitehall; has attended many political meetings, especially those of the Anti-Corn-law League; and has been heard to express an intention of "having a pop" at "Bobby." He volunteers the declaration that he is respectable, and not in sane. He was remanded for a week.

The state of Wales continues unaltered. More gates are destroyed. The correspondent of the *Times* says that the disposition to disorder is worse in Glamorganshire than in the more agricultural counties; most of the iron population are Chartists; and there are understood to be secret societies and arms-clubs—one district alone could produce 5,000 stand of arms. Government are supposed to be aware of the fact, though they have not manifested their knowledge by interference.

Rumours are multiplied in various shapes, that Sir Robert Peel means to resign—sometimes that he *has* resigned. They so abound in Liberal clubs, that people begin to heed them as little as boiler-explosions in the United States. At a late hour on Thursday night, the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square was vocal with the announcement of the fact by those gentlemen who alternate startling political news with narratives of "shocking murders" and Catnach's ballads. Perhaps they had an eye to pushing the sale of their despatches down the area of Lord John Russell's mansion, among the delighted servants, who already fancy that "we are in." The foundation of the rumour seems generally to be, that, not only do matters go ill out of doors, but Lord Stanley, instead of being so docile as he speaks himself in the House of Commons, is such a remarkably bad boy that Sir Robert Peel can no longer brook his love of turbulence.

The French telegraph says that Espartero returned to Madrid on the 9th instant! Van Halen had captured the rebel Junta of Cordova, with their escort and some treasure.

The *Augsburgh Gazette* of the 9th inst. states that Russia has concurred in the election of Prince Alexander by the people of Servia.

According to a communication made by M. Arago to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the 5th, a contract has been entered into by Messrs. Baring and Co., of London, with the Republic of New Grenada, in virtue of which the Republic is to cede to them the line required for the projected canal across the Isthmus of Panama, with 80,000 acres of land on the two banks, and 400,000 acres in the interior of the country. Messrs. Baring and Co. had, it is said, in the first instance fixed the amount of toll for the navigation of the canal at the price of 18 francs per ton; but they have reduced it to 8 francs. The work, upon which from 4,000 to 5000 men are to be engaged, is to be completed in five years.

IRELAND.

The Irish legal world has lost one of its most illustrious members, in the Right Honourable Charles Kendall Bushe, late Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench. He died on Friday, at the house of his son, Mr. Thomas Bushe, Furrey, Rahney.

During the past week, the Irish General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, held its annual meeting in Belfast. The most interesting portion of its proceedings related to the state of the Church of Scotland, and the warmest sympathy with the new Secession was expressed. On Friday night, Mr. Makgill Crichton delivered an address on behalf of the "Free Church;" a subscription-list was opened, and upwards of £2,000 contributed.

The decision of the Judges affirming the invalidity of mixed marriages performed by Presbyterian ministers has produced the expected consternation in the North of Ireland. In the General Assembly, on Monday, a Committee was appointed to draw up a series of resolutions, and petitions to both Houses of Parliament on the subject: next day the resolutions were adopted, and a deputation was appointed to proceed to London and take active steps to procure redress.

There was another multitudinous meeting on the hill of Ballybrichen, at Waterford, on Sunday, of the usual kind. The numbers are estimated by a local paper at 600,000, by the *Freeman's Journal* at 300,000. Dr. Foran, the Titular Bishop of Waterford, was present, and took an active part in the pro-

ceedings. The vote in favour of the Arms Bill by Mr. Villiers Stuart, the Member for Waterford, furnished a little variety for Mr. O'Connell's animadversion.

At the meeting of the Repeal Association on Monday, the Repeal rent was reported at £1,690. Mr. O'Connell gave notice, that in consequence of the dismissal of the Repeal Magistrates by the Government, and in pursuance of the practice followed in the Catholic Association, he should move at the next day of meeting—

"That they would adopt measures for the appointment in each district of arbitrators, instead of going, as heretofore, to hostile Petty Sessions-courts, and paying fees to the clerks of bigoted Magistrates; and that the Association would have legal instruments prepared, authorizing the persons to act as arbitrators." [Loud and prolonged cheers.]

The *Brighton Gazette* gives specific instances of the injurious effects of the present agitation on the material interests of Ireland—

"The town of Mullingar, being in want of money for the purpose of effecting certain local improvements, had entered into negotiations for a loan; and the treaty was so far advanced that the money was actually on the eve of being paid over to the authorities of the place, when the length to which the Repeal agitation was carried alarmed the capitalists who had engaged to advance the money. The result was, that they declined to proceed further in the matter; and the town of Mullingar remains without its projected improvements. Cases have also occurred, within our own knowledge, of mortgages being called in, solely on account of the alarm produced by what is going on at this moment in Ireland."

SPAIN.

The progress of events in Spain has not materially altered. More places have "pronounced," Badajoz being among the most important. There was a modified declaration at San Sebastian; where the Regency of the Duke of Victory was included in the programme of the Revolutionists. The Basque Provinces remain neutral. There had been more desertions of troops; two battalions of the Princessa Regiment being among the deserters.

Narvaez had attacked Brigadier Enna before Teruel on the 3d, and forced him to raise the siege of that place. Of four battalions of foot and four squadrons of horse with Enna, three battalions and one squadron had joined the insu-gen chief. Subsequently, Daroca declared for the movement, and Narvaez took possession. It gave him a position threatening both Saragossa and Madrid, and interrupting the regent's communication with Seoane and Zurbano.

Zurbano had quitted Lerida for Fraga. The Saragossa *Eco* of the 6th has the following story—

"On the 3d, a Piedmontese, named Pachiaroti, who commanded a detachment of guides, was arrested in the apartments of General Zurbano; which he entered by stealth, having upon his person three sorts of poison. He was immediately tried by a military commission, and being found guilty, was shot in the evening. The account asserts that, before he died, he confessed that he had received the poison from Prim, for the purpose of poisoning Zurbano and Seoane, for which we he was to receive 20,000 dollars and the rank of colonel."

The Toulouse papers have reported the surrender of Montjuich; but advices from Barcelona of the 6th state that the commander of the fort had declared that he would neither surrender it to the Supreme Junta nor to General Seoane; but he would await the issue of the pending struggle, and deliver up the place to the triumphant Government.

The *Debats* announces that General Concha had been appointed by the Provisional Government of Spain Commander-in-Chief of the armies of Granada and Seville. General Van Halen, who had lately marched from Jaen to join Espartero at Albeceite, had been ordered to re-act against Cordova and Seville; with the object, no doubt, of keeping open the communications with Cadiz and the sea.

It was reported at Bayonne on the 8th, that General O'Donnell, Urbiston-do, and other Christiano officers who lately entered Guipuzcoa, had been taken prisoners by General Iturba.

Madrid was tranquil on the 8th. The Ayuntamiento and Provincial Deputation of the capital had addressed to the nation a manifesto, in which they openly denounced the French Government as the prime movers of the present insurrection, and recommended, as a mode by which to set at rest the question touching the Queen's marriage, that she should marry her cousin, the Duke of Cadiz, son of the Infante Don Francisco de Paula.

The *Espectador* reports that Cabrera was collecting a force on the French frontier, to enter Catalonia against the Regent.

On the 11th, Madrid was declared in a state of war. The *generale* was beaten; the National Guards were under arms; the troops of General Aspiroz occupied Galapagar, el Pardo, and the environs.

General Van Halen was on the 7th at Carmona. Seville had not opened its gates to him. He directed his march on Alcala, on the road to Cadiz.

The Regent was on the 10th at Val de Penas.

Colonel Prim left Fraga for Mequenza on the 12th, with 5000 infantry and 200 horse.

On the 15th Zurbano quitted Saragossa at the head of 14 battalions.

France.—The session of the Chamber of Deputies virtually closed on Friday, with the final passing of the budget of 1844; which was voted by a majority of 218 to 213.

The death of the Earl of Glasgow, who expired at Edinburgh on the 6th instant, causes two vacancies: the Earl was Lord-Lieutenant of Ayrshire; and his son, Lord Kelburne, who succeeds to the Peerage, was Member for the County.

The Revenue accounts for the year and quarter, compared with those that have recently appeared are satisfactory. They still, indeed, exhibit strong signs of the national depression. There is still a decrease on the year in the Customs, Excise, Stamps, and Taxes; and, excluding the casual source of Chinese contribution included in Miscellaneous, and the extraordinary source of Property-tax, the deficiency on the year is 1,675,055*l*. There is not, however, a real falling-off in the productive power of the revenue to that extent: the Income-tax was established, not only to make good an actual deficiency, but to meet the temporary effect anticipated from the first reduction of duties under the new Tariff. The Income-tax performs its part: there has already been collected 3,317,997*l*, which stands as increase on the year, and on the quarter 861,709*l*. The Tariff also performs its part, and helps the reviving trade of the country; so that, although there is a decrease on the quarter in the Stamps and Taxes, in the more important branches—Customs and Excise—there is an increase of 135,015*l*. and 140,013*l*. respectively. While there is a slight decrease in the Post-office on the quarter, the year shows a much

larger amount of increase. Without pluming ourselves on the \$800,000, which the Chinese send us, it is a lucky accident, which helps to swell the increase of the Miscellaneous to 1,080,214, on the year, and 849,767, on the quarter. The general result is, that the neat increase on the year is 2,442,942, on the quarter the proportionately larger sum of 1,701,532. This is no return to national prosperity; but there are plain indications that the tide has turned. The quarter's increase on the Excise and Customs is a gratifying test, not only of the reviving power of consumption in the people, but of the satisfactory working of the reduced Tariff; confirming our conviction that the sound parts of the Peel policy are best tried by their own success.

A tragical scene occurred in Hyde Park, on Monday morning, about nine o'clock. The First Battalion of the First Regiment of Foot Guards had entered the Park to exercise, with colors flying and band playing. Their Commander, Colonel Ellison, was accompanied to the ground by his wife. The men were drawn up in line, and the Colonel had just given the word "Present arms!" when he fell from his horse in a fit. Several officers galloped to his assistance, others for medical aid. Mrs. Ellison was in an instant kneeling by her husband's side; but, overcome by emotion, she fainted, and was carried away. A medical man happened to be on the spot, but he could do no more than pronounce the Colonel dead. Colonel Robert Ellison entered the Army as an Ensign in 1807, and served with distinction in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. At a Coroner's inquest, on Tuesday, Captain Frederick Hamilton stated, that when he asked Colonel Ellison how he did on Monday morning, he replied that he did not feel well, and that he had not felt well all the previous day. Mr. Copeland attributed the death to disease of the heart, with which the Colonel had been affected for twelve months; Mr. Elsgood, another surgeon, to disease of the brain. The Jury's verdict was—"Died by the visitation of God."

Our Subscribers in the city are cautioned against paying their subscription to any person except our authorised agents, Mr. James Gilbert and Mr. John Buckley.

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THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1843.

By the Mail Steamer *Acadia* to Halifax and Boston we have received London files to the 18th ult., inclusive, and Liverpool and others to the 19th; there is much interesting matter contained in them, although nothing of vital importance. The condition of Ireland and the foreign relations of Great Britain seem likely to keep Parliament in session to a very unusual length; but whatever may be the opinions and anxieties of ministers generally, the Premier appears to be perfectly composed and collected.

The debates in the British legislature are of so important a nature that we have deemed it expedient to present them copiously to-day. We regret to perceive that there is not a perfect unanimity of opinion existing between Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues respecting the measures to be taken in Irish affairs, but are disposed to think he is using a more sound discretion than the fighting Duke at *prese cedant arma togæ* on this occasion, though his Grace will wince at the thought of it.

The Irish Arms Bill has proceeded in the Committee of the House of Commons as far as the 24th clause.

We perceive from recent Ohio Journals that the last tribe of Indians in that State have taken their departure to the west of the Mississippi, the new abode assigned to the red man, and that the farewell was an affecting one. Doubtless it was, but it was only one proof more of the dominion of mind over matter. Whosoever the civilized man sets his foot he of necessity assumes dominion over the savage; the question only is, in what manner does he exercise it? The dominion is not less real in the wise benevolent Penn who transacts his business and bases his engagements in justice, equity, and regard for the rights and ignorance of those with whom he treats, than it is in the arbitrary and powerful man who either coerces the aborigines or corrupts them. The man of the woods and prairies finds, though he may not express, that he is approached by a superior to himself in all but physical attributes. If he be kindly treated yet continues to love the liberty so natural to him, he retires before the advance of the stranger; if on the contrary his passions become roused, if he feels that he is betrayed, wronged, insulted, or oppressed, he has recourse to vengeance; but he is in the hands of those who are superior to savage wiles and savage anger; he must succumb; even in this case he gradually retires as the other advances. The cases in which the roaming hunter resolves to imitate the civilized man, and sits down to agricultural and other home labours, are so few that they hardly deserve to be alluded to; but even here also, the same effects are found, the original possessor is lost sight of, and that of the stranger becomes recognised.

But provided that these mutations are effected in a humane manner, why should it not be as we have described? The command is given to "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it;" and this command is without definite limits! If then a tract of land can, by the aid of body and mind, be made to provide sustenance for mankind to the amount of a hundred millions which previously was hardly sufficient to supply the wants of one million, it is obviously right to do so, inasmuch as God has not made anything in vain. The barbarous tribes have doubtless a destiny to fulfil, and their diminution and final extirpation are parts of Divine plan, which although we cannot fully see, we may be assured is constructed in wisdom and benevolence. Be it ours

always to perform the several parts assigned to us, agreeably to the moral fitness and regard to justice and kindness which the Divine precepts offer for our guidance and direction.

A new problem of human nature and action has recently been presented for solution, in the appearance of Norwegian Emigrants; the problem being still the deeper from the circumstance of their having come to these shores by way of Havre. Of all mankind, having claims to civilization the Norwegians are the last whom we should have impeached of inclination to emigrate—a domestic simple-minded people, few in number—the whole population being not much over a million—inhabiting a long tract of sea coast and mountainous back ground, with abundance to satisfy their limited requirements, without capricious wishes, almost without change of habits and customs, very little acquainted with agriculture—what can have induced a great number of these to cross the Atlantic, and, still more strange, how came they to do it by way of Havre. Had they done so by means of vessels from any eastern British port between Aberdeen and London—for there are all engaged more or less in what is called there "the East Country trade," it might in some measure be accounted for; but a primitive race like that of the Norwegians, perambulating the street of a French sea-port, is somewhat anomalous in these times. Can anybody enlighten us on the matter?

The recent collision of the Rail cars on the Schenectady road, though providentially of no serious consequence, is a circumstance that ought not to be passed over without a reflection, as it involves possible and even probable consequences of immense importance to the happiness of families and the comfort of the community in general.

It is doubtless a laudable economy in such matters as long lines of Rail road through a country but thinly populated and forming communication between places and conveyances where the arrivals and departures are at regular and stated periods, to have but one set of rails, except at ascertained positions where the turn-outs are suitably calculated for the transit of different sets of cars. But this regard to economy should render doubly necessary the considerations of accommodation, safety, and regularity, to passengers. It is a lamentable truth that self-interest is the great moving principle of mankind, and every one seems naturally inclined to pursue what he considers to be his own advantage, regardless how his pursuits may affect his fellow men. Hence the necessity of laws to restrain us within proper bounds, and to cause the actions of each to promote the good of all; hence more particularly should the projects of combined numbers come under the surveillance of the legislature in order to keep their designs within compass, and to guard the public from harm.

Of the "Preventive Service"—if we may be allowed to convert a term— which the State performs to its several members, we can hardly conceive of one more imperatively necessary than that which insists or enforces the regulations for the safety of life and limb, where both are put largely in jeopardy when there is no control upon individual will, and in particular in such cases as Rail Road Trains. The arrangements for safe and unobstructed transit should be full, clear, and explicit, and the fines or punishments for infringing them should be both heavy and most rigorously exacted. Punctuality, to the utmost limit human power should be sternly practised, and a relaxation from the extreme of of stated regulations should never be permitted. A holding back of three minutes upon one occasion becomes a warrant for five upon another, and both perhaps from slight causes; from these the agents gradually fall into a loose system, and lagging passengers deceive themselves with false expectations; from a service the undertaking becomes an injury, for there can be no longer implicit confidence in uniform regularity; the damaged system becomes worse and worse, because the managers are either seduced by the hope of lucre, or excited by the spirit of factious opposition; the time, the property, and the lives of travellers are trifled with, and in an evil hour a collision takes place, and disaster in its various forms ensues.

Fain would we hope that those who have the welfare of the community in their charge may take this matter seriously in hand at the first proper opportunity; and, knowing that prevention is infinitely better than remedy, that they will immediately institute salutary regulations that may save even offenders from themselves. Heavy penalties, unmitigated severities, inflexible juries, should be ever held up before managers and officers connected with establishments of this kind, who, in the end, would be found thankful for the very restraints by which they were bound. As for mankind, they are ever found able to conform to circumstances which they cannot change, and that very strictness which consists with safety by degrees becomes the most approved to their habits, tastes, and interests. Perhaps the laxity of the law is thus far as much to blame as the cupidity of individuals, but the moment this is found to be the case, let the mischievous quality be reformed.

We would call the earnest attention of our readers to a letter from Mr. Bidle on the subject of the State debt of Pennsylvania. It deserves to be pondered on, on the score of its arguments, and it certainly deserves the admiration of every American citizen for its plain, straight-forward, and spirited sentiments. It is a truly patriotic address and carries conviction and satisfaction through the far greater part of its subjects. Points here and there are to be found, from which we differ, but, looking at the main gist of his discourse we must say it does him both honour and credit, and he has therein shewn himself an able champion of his country and her institutions.

FRANKLIN SALT-WATER BATHS, CASTLE GARDEN.—There never was a season more favourable than the present for the enjoyment of this healthful and refreshing exercise; and we learn with much satisfaction, that the admirable arrangements of the Franklin Baths have induced hundreds of ladies and gentlemen to partake of an enjoyment combining health with strength and pleasure.

The Drama.

BOWERY THEATRE.—This house is in remarkably great strength at present, as regards the actors engaged at it; the benefit of Mr. Clarke, a highly useful and promising young man, gave proofs of it. It took place on Wednesday evening, and "Rob Roy" and other entertainments were given. Upon this occasion the following names, among others, were upon the bill, *Mrs. W. Sefton*,—herself a host—*Mesdames Booth* and *Herbert*, *Messrs. Scott*, *Andrews*, *Fisher*, *Pearson*, *Gates*, &c. &c., all efficient and well-trying artists. Again, *Mrs. Timm*, and *Mr. Walcott* are playing there, and some of the best pieces of the modern drama, both serious and comic, are played there to excellent houses. Hot weather not thought of!

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The *Ravels* and the *English Vaudevilles* will from this time be the staple, till the end of the season. Of the former we confess that they have exhausted every term of praise that we could devise for them. We like them not the less, however, that we have not at present anything new to say. "Mazulne," which had such a run last season, is performing the same career again; it has been played during the last two evenings, it will be repeated again to-night, and it will last freshly enough until these remarkable *Ravels* shall be ready with another wonder. We learn that a really good *English Vaudeville* company is engaged, but their names we know not yet.

CHATHAM THEATRE.—English report speaks highly of the two gymnasts, recently engaged at this theatre and about to appear immediately. They are known as "The *Essleirs*," but they are in reality not related. Their performances are said to be of marked and classic elegance as well as denoting agility, strength, and force.

THEATRE FRANCAIS AT NIBLO'S.

The French company has left New York for Canada. "Anna Bolena" went off but poorly on Wednesday evening; the most important point, after all, was to make money, and in this *Calvé* perfectly succeeded, for the room was crowded, as on the best nights of the *Ravels*, who will be now the kings of the *Niblo's* theatre. The piece was got up in eight days.

We shall speak of their Canadian project in our next.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

Madre Felice. A *Dormeuse* sung by *Madame Castellan*, the music composed by *Le Comte Adhemar*. We recently had occasion to intimate the arrival of this composer in the United States, and we then referred to his great celebrity in Paris as a writer of *Romanza*, *Ballad*, and other melodies. The present air is beautifully simple, graceful, and truly charming to the ear throughout.

The Rose of Song. The music of this air is by *J. Blockley*, the poetry is by *Sir Lytton Bulwer*, and from the *Songs of Grenada*. The composition is hardly worthy of words; we suspect that *Mr. Blockley* was not sufficiently inspired, as he can compose very prettily.

The Coquette. A dance. Composed by *C. F. Rudolph*.

The above are just published by *A. Fiot*, 196 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and by *Wm. Dubois*, 285 Broadway, New York.

Fine Arts.

We have just had laid upon our Table Part I. of a new and—if all the rest be like this—beautiful series of engravings; the work bearing the title of

GENS OF EUROPEAN ART, The Best Pictures of the Best Schools.—This Part contains three Engravings, viz., "The *Fête Champêtre*," by *Watteau*, engraved by *Lightfoot*; "St. *Cecilia*," by *Domenichino*, engraved by *Stocks*; and "The *Bandit's Wife*" by *Leopold Robert*, engraved by *Outram*. The Engravings are in line, and their average size is 9 inches by 6. Each specimen has a memoir of its painter accompanying it; written by *S. C. Hall*, to whom the editorial management is confided, and the work is got up with the most liberal regard to good material, fine execution, and general elegance of appearance; in short it is every way desirable to true lovers of The Fine Arts. The price is only \$1 25 for each part, a series will be completed in 15 parts, published in New York by *R. Martin & Co.*, No. 26 John Street. We shall have occasion to return to these fine specimens again, when we shall have more room to spare for the subject.

Literary Notices.

A POLITICAL HISTORY OF IRELAND. By *Edwin Williams*. New York: Bexley & Co.—This brief compilation probably owes its origin to the stirring interest created by the subject of Repeal. It points out clearly the commencement and cause of English interference in that country, and the rapid subjugation and annexation of Ireland to the English crown. It clearly proves that the interfusion of people and interests for nearly seven hundred years has so completely identified England and Ireland as component parts of the same sovereignty, that a separation can only take place through conquest without or rebellion within. It shews one thing more, which ought specially to weigh with the Irish themselves, as members of the Church of Rome, namely, that the dominion of Ireland was given to England by a bull of Pope Adrian IV., and that such dominion was confirmed by the bull of Pope Alexander III. This compilation contains nothing new, but is a good condensation of Irish history as applied to present times and feelings.

AMERICAN RAILROAD JOURNAL, for August, 1843.—*Mr. Minor*, one of the editors of this useful and valuable periodical, has been long and favourably known in the walks of practical science, and, together with *Mr. Schaeffer* as his coadjutor, and the assistance of contributions from engineers and others, he is put-

ting forth a very able manual of statistics and improvements in the department which gives its name to his publication. The number before us is rich in useful matter, and as the work itself is remarkably cheap, we trust that on all these accounts it will have a large circulation.

OXFORD THEOLOGY. *Tracts for the Times*. New York: Burgess & Stricker.—The immense sensation which the publication of those tracts in England has produced will be found a sufficient reason for their reproduction here. They are from the pens of *Drs. Pusey*, *Hook*, *Newman*, and other distinguished members of the University of Oxford, and we need scarcely add that they require a diligent and careful perusal. The number before us treats "On Reserve in communicating Religious Knowledge," and we believe it is purposed to follow out the whole series, together with the sermons of the gentlemen above mentioned, on the existing controversy.

MEREDITH. By the *Countess of Blessington*. New York: Winchester.—The accomplished authoress of this work, who is said by some to be now in America, has attained a high reputation both as a writer of Poetry and of Fiction. The present publication is in advance of any arrivals from those in England; and, as anything from her ladyship's pen is sure to be in request, the publisher will be likely to reap largely from his advantage of being first in the field.

MR. MASON'S REPRINTS OF MAGAZINES. The July numbers of *Blackwood*, and *The Dublin University Magazine* are out with the usual accuracy and despatch, as are also *The Christian Observer*, and *The Christian Lady's Magazine* for July. The last named is a new undertaking from the office of *Mr. Mason*, and is an elegant little work in 16 mo., edited by a lady who, under the signature of *Charlotte Elizabeth* is well known as an able religious writer. At this particular juncture when the heads of nearly all the thinking community are running upon either Puseyism or Anti-Puseyism, the two re-prints of religious magazines above-named will be peculiarly acceptable. They are both decidedly opposed to the Tractarians, and the two sides of the controversy may now run on together.

MADAME BINSSE'S DAY AND BOARDING SCHOOL. No. 40 Beach Street, opposite St. John's Park.—*Mrs. Binsse* respectfully informs the Parents and Guardians of her Pupils that her School will recommence as usual on the 15th of September. She avails herself of the present opportunity to correct an erroneous impression which she understands has been circulated of her intending to retire; so far from this being the case, *Mrs. B* has secured the valuable assistance of several new Professors of established reputation, and she is now ready to receive applications for either day or boarding scholars. As she takes but a limited number of the latter, those Parents who wish to place their children under her charge will please signify their intention as soon as possible. *Mrs. B* has also much pleasure in announcing to her friends and the public that the Lectures of *Mons. Gustave Chouquet* on general literature and French Literature in particular can be attended separately by such young ladies as do not wish to pursue the other studies. This notice is applicable also to English Elocution and Reading, and to the Course of Lectures on Botany. Aug. 5-6t.

Sandersons' Franklin House,

CHESTNUT STREET,
Between Third and Fourth Streets, North Side.

PHILADELPHIA.

(July 15-3m*)

INFORMATION WANTED respecting *James William* and *Ventry Hoyier*, grandsons of the Right Hon. Lord Ventry. They came to the United States from Ireland about the year 1823. By application to their brother-in-law, *Dr. Powell*, No. 7 Greenwich-st., N.Y., they will hear of something much to their advantage. Any person acquainted with their residence, if living, or aware of their death, will confer a great favour by communicating as above. July 15-3t.

INFORMATION WANTED of *John Henderson*, from *Waterford*, Ireland, and lately residing in *Toronto*, which he left in May last. Any information respecting him will be gratefully acknowledged by his wife, *Celia*, now residing at *Mr. Kingsmill's*, *Toronto*. July 8.

APARTMENTS AND BOARD.—Very superior accommodation with entire or partial board, in one of the finest situations in New York, may be obtained by addressing a note to *X. Box No. 129*, which will be immediately attended to. The house is not a boarding-house. May 13.

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May 27-3m*.

FRANKLIN SALT WATER BATH, CASTLE GARDEN.

The Proprietors, having availed themselves of the experience of the past year, and conformed to the suggestions of many of their subscribers, beg leave now to present to them and the public in general the most complete arrangements for public and private bathing for ladies and gentlemen, shower Baths upon an improved principle, and boys swimming baths, that ever were offered to general patronage. Having established a constant and thorough succession of sea water—all surface matter is completely excluded. The FRANKLIN BATH is now ready at its usual station, at the north side of the Castle Garden bridge. Books are open for season subscriptions, and the inspection of the citizens and travellers is solicited. June 10-4t.

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Joseph Mason, Publisher, New York; *Otis*, *Broaders & Co.*, and *W. H. S. Jordan*, Boston; *W. C. Little*, Albany; *J. R. Pollock*, Philadelphia; *N. Hickman*, Baltimore; *W. H. Berrett*, Charleston; *W. T. Williams*, Savannah; *Joseph Gill*, Richmond; *John Nimmo*, General Agent for Canada. April 29.

THE NEW YORK LEGAL OBSERVER is published every Saturday, at No. 42 Ann Street, New York, and contains Reports of Cases decided in the Circuit and District Courts, Sittings in Admiralty, both civil and criminal, the Assistant Vice Chancellor's Court—the Superior Court, and the Court of Common Pleas. Also, all the recent decisions of importance in the English Courts—Practical Points—Remarkable Trials—Sketches of the Bench and Bar—Legal Appointments—Obituary—Miscellaneous, &c. &c. The terms are one shilling a copy or \$5 per annum, in advance.

SAMUEL OWEN, Editor and Proprietor.
Volume 1. of this work is published, handsomely bound, price \$3. This volume contains all the important cases in Bankruptcy. May 13.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

GRAND GALA DAY ON LONG ISLAND, BY INVITATION OF
W. D. CUTHBERTSON, ESQ.

On Thursday the 27th ult., the Members of the St. George's Cricket Club of New York, accorded to an invitation from W. D. Cuthbertson, Esq., formerly an officer of the Club, to take a day's play on the ground's adjoining to his beautiful mansion on Staten Island, and to partake of the abundance of his hospitable table. They arrived about 10 A. M., and having taken some refreshment which had been provided by their kind host, they proceeded at once to the main sport. Messrs. Green and Wild chose sides, and the former having won the toss his side took the bat; the bowlers on Wild's side being Wheatcroft and Wright, and right efficient ones they proved themselves to be, as the score will show. Although the day was an exceedingly sultry one, the players, as such, were cool and deliberate, for it was evident that the match was very equally made, and that all were determined to do their best on the occasion, both in honour of their entertainer and to test their own skill. With the skilful, accurate, and swift bowling of Wheatcroft and Wright on the one side, that of Groom, and Russell, on the other, together with such fielding and catching by all parties as we have seldom seen excelled by amateur players, we think that either of the scores exhibits a creditable and player-like appearance.

The Ground itself was but an indifferent one; it was with difficulty that a sufficient portion was found, level enough between the wickets; a little practice, however, made all familiar. The play was begun at 11 o'clock, and continued till two, at which time the second party had three wickets to go down. All then adjourned to the house of their hospitable entertainer, where a sumptuous cold dinner was set forth and amply discussed, together with the accompaniments so desirable in hot weather, which were supplied both in quality and profusion worthy of the open heart of the host. After dinner the English national anthem was sung, with verse and chorus,—the latter most emphatically;—a few toasts were drunk, and when all had well partaken they returned to the ground and finished the game. We doubt not that the feasting and hilarity of that day will not speedily be forgotten.

Many ladies and gentlemen of the vicinity came to witness the sport; the former remained in their carriages during the first part of the day, but in the afternoon a few honoured the tent with their presence. The following is the score of the game:—

FIRST PARTY.		SECOND PARTY.	
Green, c. by Wild.....	1	Wild, leg before wicket.....	22
Groom, b. by Wright.....	7	Wheatcroft, run out.....	9
Russell, c. by do.....	17	Wright, run out.....	3
Syme, b. by do.....	5	Bage, b. by Russell.....	9
Bristow, c. by Wheatcroft.....	7	Spawforth, b. by do.....	5
Nichols, b. by do.....	10	Hindhaugh, b. by do.....	11
Owen, b. by do.....	1	Clarke, b. by Green.....	10
Slater, b. by Wright.....	18	Downing, b. by Russell.....	4
Waller, b. by do.....	4	Jackson, not out.....	0
G. W. Taylor, c. by Wheatcroft.....	3	John Taylor, b. by Green.....	5
Dixon, not out.....	0	Heather, c. by Nichols.....	3
Byes.....	8	Byes.....	6
	81	Wide balls.....	2
			89

SECOND MATCH AT SINGLE WICKET.

On Thursday last the second match of the series, to which we have before alluded, was played, upon the ground of the St. George's Cricket Club. Upon this occasion Mr. Ticknor, the Philadelphia player, was opposed by Mr. Groom of New York. The morning was a fine one for the purpose, and the ground in the very best condition.

Groom, having won the toss, put Ticknor in, and the following is the record of the game:—

TICKNOR.		GROOM.	
1st INNINGS.—Time called at 42 min. past 10; first Ball at 45 min. past 10. Six Balls and one wide Ball were bowled in 5½ minutes, and Mr. Ticknor judged out for leg before wicket.....	Score 2	1st INNINGS.—Time called at 7 min. past 11; first Ball at 9½ min. past 11. 13 Balls and one wide Ball bowled in 10½ min.—bowled out... Score 6	
2d INNINGS.—Time called at 34 min. past 11; first ball at 36½ min. past 11. 48 Balls were bowled in 38 minutes. Ticknor bowled out... Score 8		2d INNINGS.—Time was called at 35 min. past 12; first Ball at 38 min. past 12. 11 Balls were bowled in 8 minutes, and Groom having demanded the state of the score, and found that he had won the game, brought out his bat.....	Score 11

Nothing could be fairer than the play of both parties, in bowling, batting, running, and throwing; the spectators were in continual admiration. The third match will probably take place on the 17th inst., at the Camden Ground.

On Thursday next, the 10th inst., the St. George's Cricket Club of New York will give their first Gala day of the season, upon their own ground. On this occasion they will receive invited ladies and the families of the members, for whom accommodation will be prepared by a Committee appointed for that purpose. A friendly match will be played by the members, the sides to be chosen on the morning of the Gala day; the wickets will be pitched at nine o'clock, and it is expected that play will be commenced at 10 o'clock.

A Grand Match of Cricket between the St. George's Cricket Club of New York and the Union Cricket Club of Philadelphia, will be played "home and home" as follows, viz.: the first at New York on Monday, Sept. 11th, and the second at Philadelphia, on the first Thursday in October; the Union Club bar three members, viz.: Messrs. Wild, Green, and Wheatcroft.

American Summary.

CAPTAIN STOCKTON'S PIECE OF ORDINANCE.—An experiment was made last week with this enormous piece of ordinance, that carries a 242lb. ball, at its station near the Light House, below Sandy Hook. A point blank shot struck a line on a target three miles distant, and penetrated through and through the target, which was constructed of iron bars and wood combined, rendering it more strong and solid than the hull of the largest seventy-four. The gun is made of wrought iron, and is of immense size. Experiments will be made again this week.

THE SCOTTISH MURDER CASE.—The unhappy young woman now in custody of the U. S. Marshal, under a demand from the British government, will no doubt be surrendered in a day or two, pursuant to the terms of the Treaty. The points of the case have been submitted by her counsel to the Attorney General, but, so far as we can learn, without any hope of success, the authorities at Washington being determined to carry out the Treaty in its letter and spirit, without reference to the mere technical objections which her case presents.

DEPARTURE OF MR. CUSHING IN THE MISSOURI STEAM FRIGATE.—After a long detention in our harbor, caused mainly by experiments of proposed alterations in her machinery, the Steam Frigate Missouri, Captain Newton, departed from this city yesterday, bound for the Mediterranean, on whose shore she is to land the Hon. Caleb Cushing, Special Envoy to China on his way to that country.

Mr. Cushing went on board yesterday, and was received with the salute due to his official rank; and the Frigate proceeded down the river a little after one o'clock.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF POSTMASTER GENERAL WICKLIFFE.—On Tuesday last as this gentleman was on his passage from Portsmouth to Baltimore, on board of the steamer Georgia, and just as he was about to proceed with his daughter and niece to the dinner table, a young man, about 23 years of age, who gave his name, and was recognized by Mr. Wickliffe as J. McLean Gardner, of Washington city, touched Mr. Wickliffe on the shoulder, which caused him to turn, and while in the act of so doing, Gardner plunged a dirk knife into his breast. He attempted a repetition, but was prevented by some gentlemen standing by, when he was disarmed, secured, and guarded, and taken into Baltimore. The extent of the injury done Mr. Wickliffe could not be ascertained, as there was no physician on board. The wound bled profusely, and when this informant left, Mr. Wickliffe complained of intense pain in his side. It is supposed that the dirk must have struck the breast-bone, and glanced, otherwise it would have been his instant death. No cause was known for this dastardly assault, except that Mr. Wickliffe would not consent to use his influence in securing him an office. Gardner is a son of Col Gardner, of Washington city, first Auditor in the Post office department.

FROM TEXAS.—The vessels of the Texan Navy, ship Austin and sloop Wharton, under command of Commodore Moore, arrived at Galveston on the 14th instant. The volunteer companies and a large concourse of citizens turned out to welcome their return. Col. Morgan, the Texan commissioner, who left New Orleans in one of the naval vessels, when they sailed for the coast of Yucatan, returned to Galveston with them.

The whole of the Mexican forces are reported to have left the coast of Yucatan.

Gen. Wm. S. Murphy delivered his credentials as Charge d'Affairs of the United States, to the Secretary of State of Texas, on the 16th of June, and was presented to the President on the same day.

The Houston Telegraph, of the 12th instant, states that it is rumored that the President has appointed Col. S. Williams and Gail Borden, Jr. Esq., Commissioners to negotiate with Santa Anna relative to the adjustment of the difficulties between Texas and Mexico.

UNREGULATED GENIUS.—In his "Letters on the Study of History," Lord Bolingbroke says: "Genius without the improvement of experience is what comets once were thought to be—a blazing meteor irregular in its course and dangerous in its approach; of no use to any system, and able to destroy any."

PROSPECTUS

OF A NEW WEEKLY JOURNAL OF ENLARGED DIMENSIONS, CALLED
THE ANGLO AMERICAN,

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